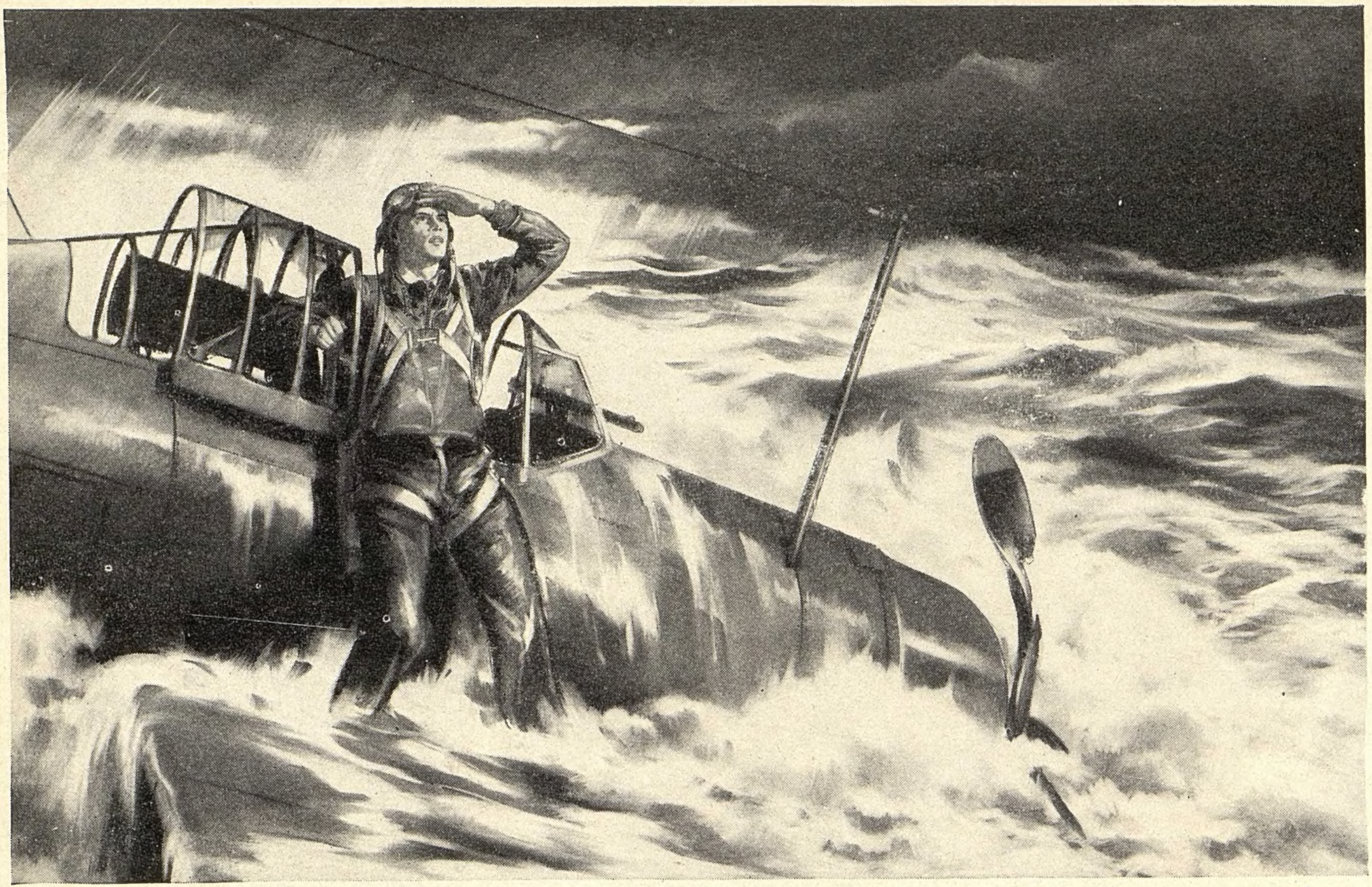
# LIBERTY

EC. 19, 1942 10¢

AND WE CAN
DO IT AGAIN

## AN ARMY BRASS HAT TALKS BACK



# . . . and YOU TALK OF "SACRIFICES"!

Maybe you've heard some of them . . .

The people who complain because they can't always get their brand of coffee—or because the right cut of meat is scarce . . .

The man who "sacrifices" an extra week's vacation to buy a War Bond or two, and the woman who "gives up" a new hat to put the money into a War Bond.

Next time you hear such talk, answer like this . . .

"*Sacrifice?* Is there *anything* you can do to match the bravery of our fighting men? Is there any 'sacrifice' you can make to equal that of a man who gives his *life?*

"You don't 'sacrifice' anything when you buy a War Bond. You get back $4 for every $3 you invest. You get absolute *safety*—with the pledge of the world's strongest nation behind you. You get *security* for the future. You *can't* lose!"

To win this war we Americans MUST buy War Bonds. We MUST give our boys the ships, tanks, guns and planes they need to win. Not just with our "spare" money, but with every dime and dollar we can scrape together.

Let's *forget* the interest, the safety, and the security. LET'S WIN THIS WAR!

Every dollar you put into War Bonds is *life insurance* for our boys. THAT'S what counts! In the lives of these boys is the salvation of our country.

So don't let anybody talk to you about "sacrifices"!

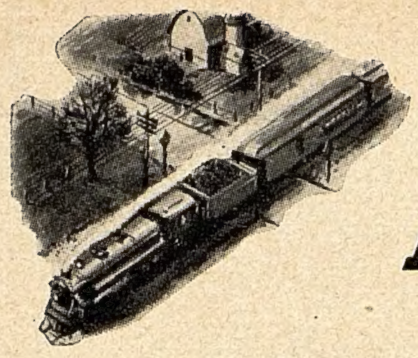
## FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75 for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment — guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name or 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value. If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be cashed in, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to pay interest after 1½ years.

## *Keep on Buying War Bonds*

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

**LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.,** *Makers of* **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



# RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U.S.A.!

WHEN Uncle Sam wants to move troops he calls on the railroads.

He is moving *a million men every month* — and our Army is getting bigger every day.

A million men fill a lot of passenger cars, so you can get some idea what "right of way for the U. S. A." really means.

It means that, with what's left over, we have to carry the people who travel on business—those who take trains to conserve the nation's rubber supply -- and all the thousands of soldiers and sailors who each week travel by rail on furlough.

It means that we have to dig out all the passenger cars we can find, because war demands for critical materials prevent us from getting new ones — and some cars brought back into service lack the conveniences of those built in recent years.

So we know you can understand why reservations and seats are sometimes scarce — why cars aren't always as spick-and-span as we'd like to have them.

But we've got a war to win—and to win it, every piece of railroad equipment is doing double duty. There is nothing else to take its place today.

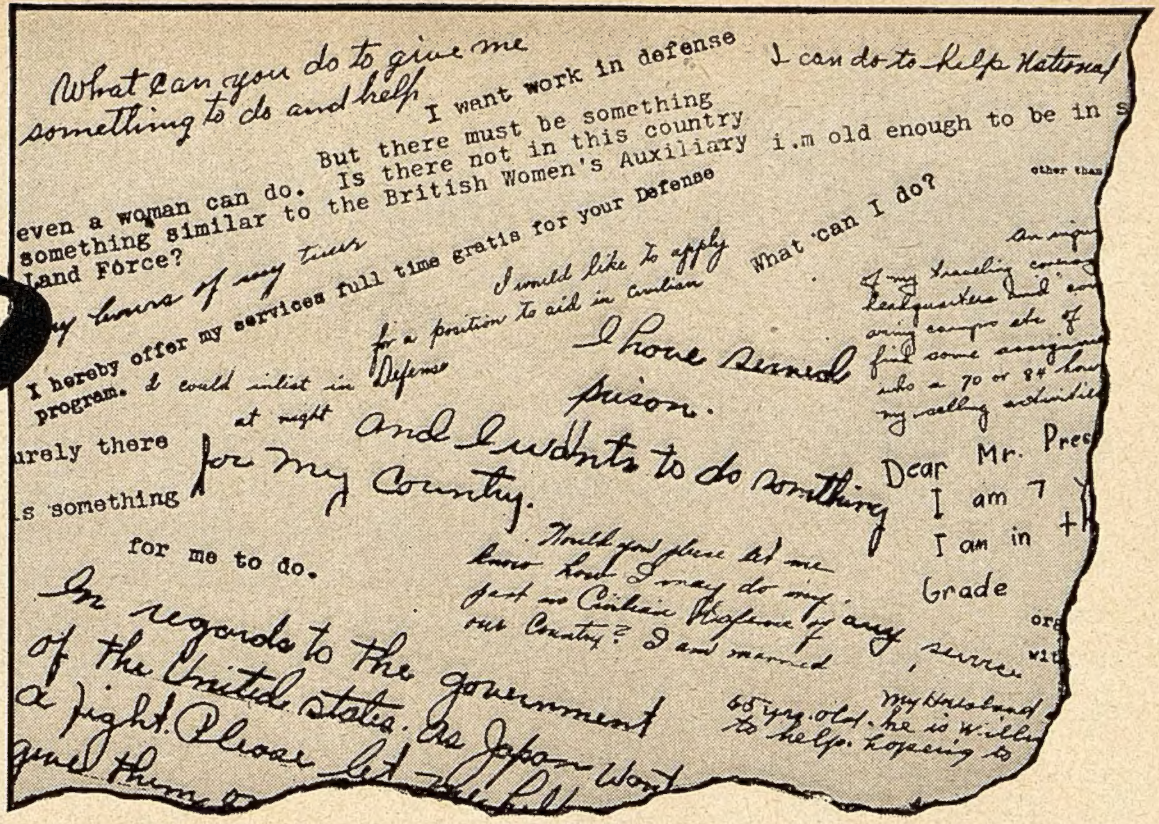
**DON'T WASTE TRANSPORTATION**

***Plan early.*** Make reservations and buy tickets as far in advance as possible. ***Avoid week ends.*** Do your traveling in the middle of the week whenever possible. ***Travel light.*** Limit your hand baggage to actual requirements. Other baggage can be checked. ***Plans changed?*** Cancel your reservation promptly if your trip is deferred or called off. It will help the other fellow.

ASSOCIATION OF
**AMERICAN** UNITED FOR VICTORY **RAILROADS**
WASHINGTON, D. C.

# Vox Pop

*"Voice of the People"*


What can you do to give me something to do and help
I want work in defense
I can do to help National
But there must be something
Is there not in this country
i.m old enough to be in s
even a woman can do.
something similar to the British Women's Auxiliary Land Force?
other than
I hereby offer my services full time gratis for your Defense program.
What can I do?
I would like to apply for a position to aid in civilian Defense
I could inlist in
I have served prison.
at night
And I wants to do somthing for my Country.
urely there is something for me to do.
Dear Mr. Pres
I am 7
I am in
Grade
Would you please let me know how I may do my part in Civilian Defense of our Country? I am married
In regards to the government of the United states.
a fight. Please let
65 yrs. old. My Husband he is willing to help. hoping to

## HOW TO WIN THE WAR

Battle Creek, Mich.—My mother used to tell of life on a pioneer farm where "trading work" was a necessity and there were bees to build barns and make quilts and do other jobs that singlehandedness couldn't manage. I think almost all of us can find some way of using the pioneer system on the job that faces us.—*H. McN. K.*

Elizabeth, N. J.—Why don't we allow the people of the United States to contribute directly to the arming of the nation? To give cash, war stamps, or bonds toward the manufacture of a specific airplane carrier, Flying Fortress, etc. Such a plan, if adopted, might materially ease the pressure on the Treasury.—*R. B.*

New York, N. Y.—All manufacturers who give coupons or merchandise premiums should use war saving stamps instead. Such firms know exactly the cash value of each redeemed coupon.—*C. B.*

Seattle, Wash.—The admission price at most neighborhood movie theaters is either thirty-five cents plus four cents tax or forty cents plus four cents tax. In almost every case there is *one cent* in the change given a ticket buyer. If the girl in the box office suggests, "The odd penny for the U. S. O., sir?" and nods to a box in full public view and marked "For the U. S. O.," where is the American who would refuse? With an estimated 12,000,000 patrons visiting American movie theaters every day, you have a potential $43,800,000 a year!—*O. S.*

Cleveland, Ohio—Now that four and five commuters "club" together to drive to the station every morning, what becomes of the savings each man effects by using his car one day instead of five or six? In our case, every man except the driver contributes a dime per morning to a general fund. At the end of each month he receives in return a batch of defense stamps. Thus he has spent nothing, has saved several dollars—and the government is that much ahead.—*J. K.*

Tulsa, Okla.—600,000 typewriters are said to be needed by the armed services. Let's all make an effort to get along with 20 per cent fewer typewriters. Most of us find that we use too many words, anyway.—*Henry Edwards.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—Conserve steel by getting more shaves out of your razor blades. After using, rub them back and forth about a dozen times on each side of blade against the inside of a tumbler three quarters filled with lukewarm water. It takes but a half minute, and you will get from two to five more shaves, depending on stiffness of beard and quality of steel.—*Ronny McPhaill.*

New York, N. Y.—Drop "Yours truly" and "Sincerely yours" and the rest of the conventional sign-offs on business and social correspondence and make it "Yours for Victory." It's a good way to hammer on what we want in this war.—*P. Tell.*

Lincoln, Neb.—How many people know that the Treasury Department offers Tax Anticipation Notes to help you save and pays a small rate of interest for the use of your money?—*Mark Lewis.*

Miami, Fla.—What a laugh! Vox Poppers will be writing in every week for the duration telling each other what to do to win the war. All their ideas are puny compared to the most important job that faces us—staying out of drafts, eating properly, and getting plenty of rest. The influenza epidemic in the first World War killed ten times as many Americans as did the Germans.—*Doc.*

That's an excellent start. Recently we asked for ideas on winning the war, and Vox Pop certainly came through with a vengeance. Let's have more! —Vox Pop Editor.

## WE WARNED HIM!

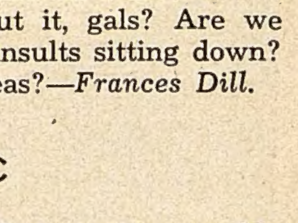
Santa Ana, Calif.—That stupid, silly, half-cocked lunkhead who popped off his mouth about the comparison of the East and West football teams (November 14 Vox Pop) probably has never seen an honest-to-heaven football team play.—*E. J. McIntyre.*

Seattle, Wash.—The little boy had better come out of the Puget Sound fog and let some one tell him what happened to a tough Washington team for three years when that Minnesota team called for a warm-up game.—*M. Ratcliff.*

## EVERYTHING'S MECHANIZED

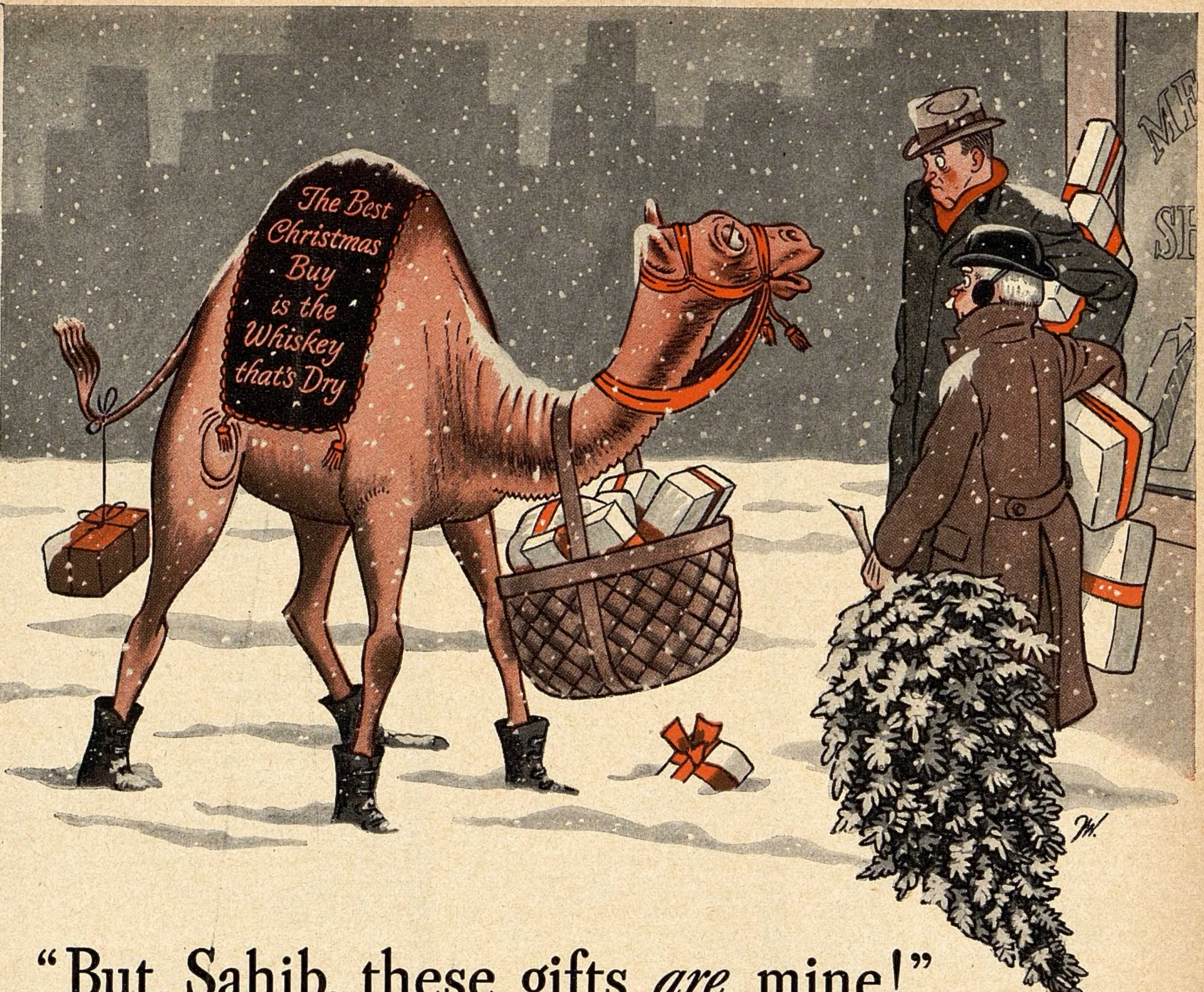
Kennewick, Wash.—Which has more sex appeal—a slot machine or a gal? How many girls have sat in a booth at the drug store while the big moment played the slot machine? I know that I am not the only "frill" who has undergone this humiliating situation.

We gals of America should rise up against such treatment. If the boys think these slot machines have so much appeal, let them take one out. It ought to be fun holding hands in a dark movie with one! How about it, gals? Are we going to take these insults sitting down? How about some ideas?—*Frances Dill.*



## YOU'RE A CYNIC

Columbus, Ohio—It is quite possible that, like all beginners, Harry Warner abhorred "monopoly," but I doubt seriously that today he "goes pale and takes a drink of water" when he hears the word, because Mr. Warner is one of the chief monopolists in the most highly monopolized business today. Any water he drinks is simply to quench his thirst. —*P. J. W.*


The Best Christmas Buy is the Whiskey that's Dry

# "But, Sahib, these gifts *are* mine!"

**MAN:** Plainly, Macleod, this substitute St. Bernard has been walking too long in the snow. It has confused him. Who would give Christmas gifts to a camel?

**CAMEL:** Ah, but Master, I'm the *Paul Jones* Camel—the living symbol of *dryness* in whiskey. And these gifts are tokens of gratitude—for telling puzzled shoppers about a *perfect* Christmas present—*dry* Paul Jones whiskey!

**MAN:** Who ever heard of a *dry* whiskey? Macleod, why do we stand around here with the snow going down our necks, listening to such talk?

**CAMEL:** Effendi, go to *any* liquor store! You will find, in the wondrous Paul Jones, a whiskey whose *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, permits you to enjoy its *full* flavor! Its *full* richness and mellowness! A jewel among whiskies, Prince, whose moderate price and rare flavor make it a *perfect* Christmas present!

**MAN:** Did you say *any* liquor store, Camel?

**CAMEL:** *Any* liquor store, Master.

**MAN:** And that Paul Jones is moderately priced? It spares the purse?

**CAMEL:** My very words, O Emir.

**MAN:** Macleod, how long shall we stand here with the snow going down our necks? Do we not have to buy some of this fine dry Paul Jones? And the biggest bale of hay in the entire world for this good camel? Come, Macleod!

DRY
Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

*The best CHRISTMAS BUY*
*is the whiskey that's DRY*

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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COVER BY CPL. O. C. SWEET

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# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

**WE'VE HAD A NUMBER** of medical articles in Liberty by MORRIS MARKEY besides the one on tuberculosis in this issue, but he doesn't want to be card-indexed as a specialist in this field of writing, although the Journal of the A. M. A. has approved his reports from time to time. He wants to be considered a reporter whose business it is to make clear and understandable to the average person any subject he undertakes. When he offered his services to the navy last spring he was told to "Haul tail back to New York and that typewriter, where you will be more valuable to the war effort than in uniform."

**BOB HOPE IS** setting up a special fund for entertainment of service men in Alaska and the Liberty check for his My Trip to Alaska in the present issue will be the first contribution to it.

**CORPORAL O. C. SWEET** of Camp Callan, California, who did the Kodachrome from which our cover is reproduced, points out that Boots, the mascot pup, is very much interested in a wasp that aimed at his nose. You can see the shadow of the insect on the field pack below Boots if you look closely.

**THOSE WHO ENTERED** our War Heroes Contest, which closed last fall, are asked to be patient just a little longer, when announcements of winners will be made. Thanks!

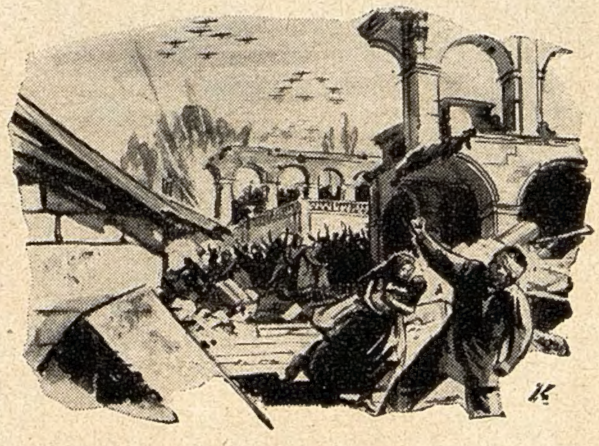
*THE EDITORS*

# NEXT WEEK

**DECEMBER 26, 1942**

### THE FAITH OF A HERO

Hitler bragged that he would rub Malta out. Mussolini said he would take it in four days. Yet Malta stands. And it will *not* fall, says General Sir William George Shedden Dobbie, the serene-eyed British giant who saved the island outpost and, by doing so, conceivably saved the war. His certainty is based on an unshakable faith. What is behind that faith, what makes him the sort of leader for whom men gladly fight and die, is revealed by DONALD WILHELM, who met and talked with the hero of Malta.



### UNDERSTANDING THE NEW TAXES

Fifty million of us will pay taxes to Uncle Sam in 1943. You'll probably pay an income tax, perhaps for the first time, and you'll want to know just how to go about it. Then there will be the Victory tax, deducted from your wages or salary but offset by refunds. And the "hidden" taxes—part of the money you pay for cigarettes, etc. Grand total, 25 billion dollars! What for? And how come? Let MORRIS MARKEY make the whole thing clear to you.

### CHRISTMAS GETS PRIORITY RATING

Uncle Sam has made a lightning change into Santa Claus to take Christmas to his nephews in the services. Both at home and abroad, men at camps will have trees and carols and turkey with all the trimmings—as homelike a Yuletide as possible. GRETTA PALMER gives all the details—including the full Christmas-dinner menu—in an article that will cheer the hearts of mothers and wives and sweethearts.

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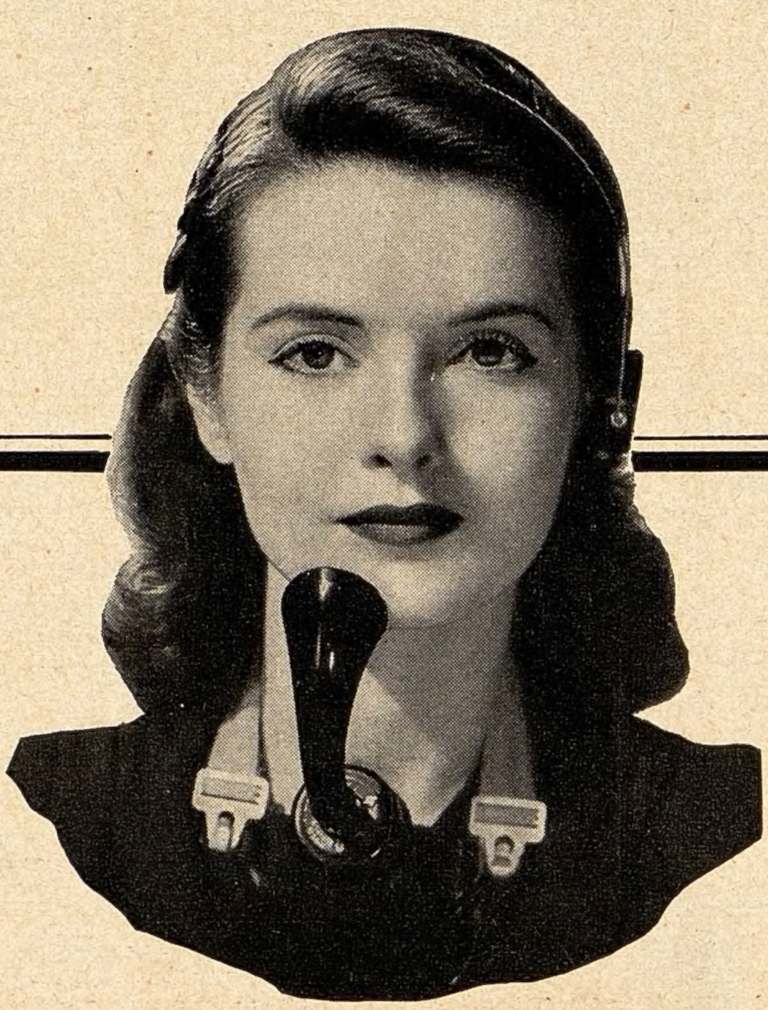
# WAR needs the wires this Christmas

War can't wait—not even for Christmas. So please don't make Long Distance calls to war-busy centers this Christmas unless they're vital... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



# AN ARMY BRASS HAT TALKS

I AM a Washington brass hat.

I'm the fellow the editorial writers complain about, the fellow you hear about on the radio.

I'm a swivel-chair army officer. Comedians say I wear spurs (which I don't) to keep my feet from slipping off a desk.

I'm disobeying all the rules and regulations in writing this piece. I'm going to defend brass hats and swivel-chair sitters. It's against the rules. Under army regulations we are supposed to take it on the chin and then stick out our chins again and again and again.

I'll take a chance.

First of all, let's ask a question: What's the matter with Washington?

Nearly every one in America has the answer. The editorial writers and the radio commentators and the armchair generals in the clubs will tell us what's wrong even if we don't ask. They say that the army is playing politics, that it is bogged down in red tape, that it is run by a lot of outworn generals, that it refuses to be realistic.

Why? The drugstore strategists can give you plenty of proof. They point out that the army refuses to admit that air power alone will win. The army refuses to open enough fronts. The army refuses to take square pegs out of round holes. The army will not listen to Congress.

Those are the answers we hear, and they are almost one hundred per cent wrong.

Our critics—fine, intelligent, patriotic Americans—just don't happen to have the facts. They don't happen to have them because the facts are military secrets. Not knowing what actually is happening behind the scenes, they are impatient and angry.

Let us look first at the air-power charge. This much is true. The army *was* slow to realize the value of the plane as a weapon. But long before we entered this war the military mind had grasped the fact that planes were terribly important.

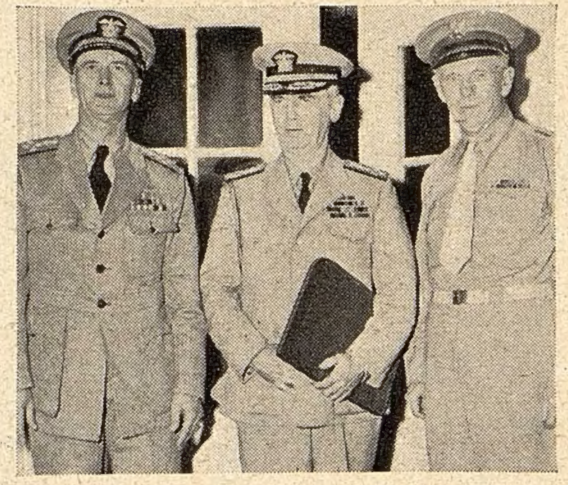
So they asked the Congress for appropriations for planes. They asked for a large number of planes. But even before these requests reached Congress they had to go through the Bureau of the Budget. The Bureau slashed the requests. And the Congress then cut the number still more. It's all in the record.

If the army's original idea had been carried out, we would have had thousands of planes on December 7 and thousands of young flyers to man them. The army did the best it could with what it had. It still is doing the best it can.

And here we come to a matter of strategy. What should the percentage of air and ground troops be? Most of the loudest critics insist that "air power will win the war," and let it go at that. The army happens to know that air power alone *can't* win. Air power can do the preliminary job, but it takes soldiers on the ground, moving forward an inch at a time, to accomplish the final stages of victory.

**READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES**

Stalingrad is an example. Nazi air power overwhelmed the Russian air fleets. Nazi dive bombers made the city a seething hell. But the Russians, with their feet in the mud and their bayonets in their hands, stood off the Nazi infantry month after month.



**Maybe you think that men like these don't know how to make war. Read this and think again**

Every experienced soldier knows that no matter what advances an army makes, no matter how fierce its assaults, it accomplishes absolutely nothing unless it does what we call "consolidating our positions." Planes can't do that. We must have enough ground forces to make the final land assault and to hold positions after they have been won.

Any real strategist, be he aviator or infantryman, knows this truth. He has learned it by a study of the secret intelligence reports of friends and foes alike. He doesn't base his views on theories spun out of imagination and garbled press releases. He has the actual facts. That is his advantage over the editorial writer, the radio commentator, and the popular author of any book of typewriter strategy.

So in this quarrel of air versus land forces, it's a matter of military mathematics, of balance, of how many planes to each thousand men afoot. The ranking generals of the army think they know approximately what that balance should be. Their figures are based on facts the general public doesn't know and has no way of discovering. They are calm, determined, intelligent men, and they will not be stampeded, no matter how excited the special pleaders become.

They are doing their utter best to get enough planes of the right kind to the right places at the right time. They know the problems of transport, of protection of bombers, of ground installations, of training. They have the facts. They are basing their calculations on those facts. Give them a chance!

As to the second front: Before our boys landed in Africa there were mass meetings from coast to coast demanding a second front. These meetings, for the most part, were called by men who a year ago were shouting that America's duty was to stay out of the war. Millions of eager citizens raised their honest voices in the second-front cry.

But once again, what did they actually know about the problems involved and the time it takes to solve them?

Absolutely nothing!

But the despised brass hats in Washington do happen to know. Every front requires certain equipment, a certain number of trained men, a certain amount of ammunition, and the shipping to get men and munitions to where they're needed. The problems involved are in the science of logistics. It's not a new science. Moses was one of the first leaders to employ it successfully when he led his people out of captivity. Alexander triumphed because his genius for logistics was equal to his skill in battle. Caesar's conquest of Gaul was a logistics masterpiece.

On the other side of the shield was Napoleon's march to Moscow. That march was ill-advised. The Napoleonic army's logistics went haywire. And Napoleon became the greatest military failure in modern history.

In the present war we have taken some overwhelming defeats. Except for the first of these, at Pearl Harbor and Manila, failure to conquer logistics has been the factor that beat us. This was not our fault. The distances involved were too great even to attempt to set up proper supply lines in the few days or weeks before the Japs, striking from their own near-by bases, overwhelmed us.

These reverses could not have been avoided. It was the enemy, not ourselves, who wrote the timetable of those attacks. But on any front in western Europe it will be we who write the ticket. We couldn't write it until we knew that we were ready. And how did we know?

Each day to the desk of each ranking brass hat comes a large sheet of paper marked "SECRET" in big red letters. That sheet tells in figures no one can dispute just how much of what is on hand and where. And the brass hats know, even if the editorial writers don't, how much is needed to

# BACK

send an expeditionary force to the Continent. They know that for every man who sets foot in France ten tons of military supplies must be put down on the beach. And in all the months the mass meetings demanded "a second front now," the material just wasn't ready in large enough quantity.

Another charge is that square pegs still sit in round holes. This is false. Ever since the war started, the square pegs have been pulled out. The army rarely announces with fanfare the removal of a general who isn't equal to his job. It doesn't tell the newspapers every time it demotes a ranking officer or sends one to a place where he will not cramp the war effort. But week in and week out these demotions have been made—including plenty of generals—and the army now has few square pegs.

As to red tape: There is less red tape in the army today than in many large industries. Orders have gone out repeatedly: "Don't go through channels. Pick up the telephone and settle matters the sensible way." Those orders are being obeyed. There is one large division of the army in Washington that does nothing except streamline procedure. There is little misunderstanding, progressively less duplication.

As to Congress: We *do* listen to Congress. We listen to the plaintive wails of a few congressmen nearly every time we make a move to speed up the war effort. I am glad to say that these carping legislators are in the minority.

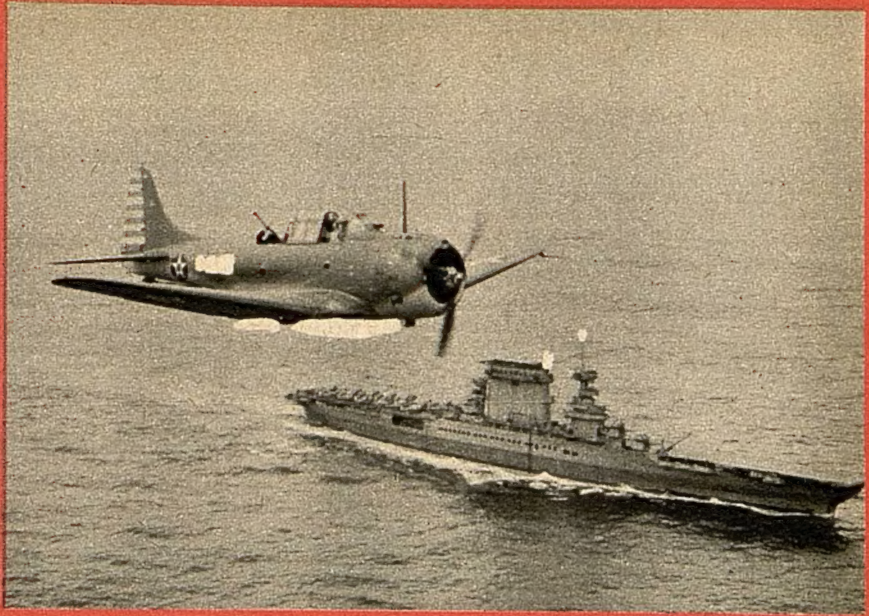
Recently the headquarters of one of the service commands was moved from one city to another. The change was made after a survey showed that the communications, housing, the pool of civilian help in the old headquarters town could not cope with expanding works of the command.

"Public-spirited citizens" in the vicinity at once began to needle their congressmen. Not only congressmen but newspapers, radio stations, chambers of commerce, and hundreds of civic leaders bombarded the War Department with complaints. They didn't know why the move was made; they just knew they didn't want it made.

When my telephone rings and a voice says, "This is Congressman Whosis," I usually settle down—politely, to be sure—to listen to one of two things. Either some sterling young man a couple of jumps ahead of the draft just has to have a commission at once or some patriotic gadget manufacturer isn't getting his share of war orders. Sure, we listen to Congress and we hear plenty!

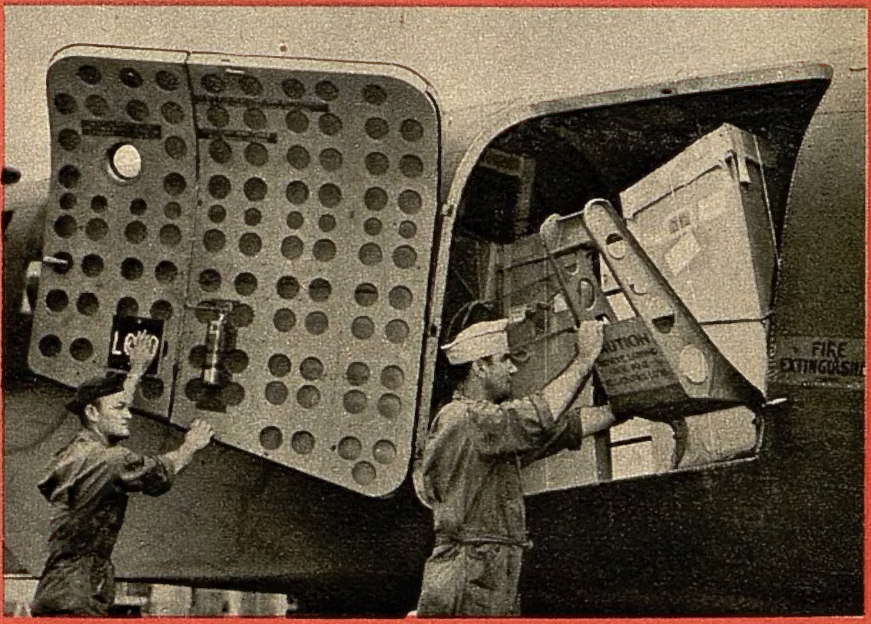
But most of what we hear is special pleading. Congressmen are merely passing along demands from back home. As I write these lines, there is a great furor over small business.

(*Continued on page 39*)

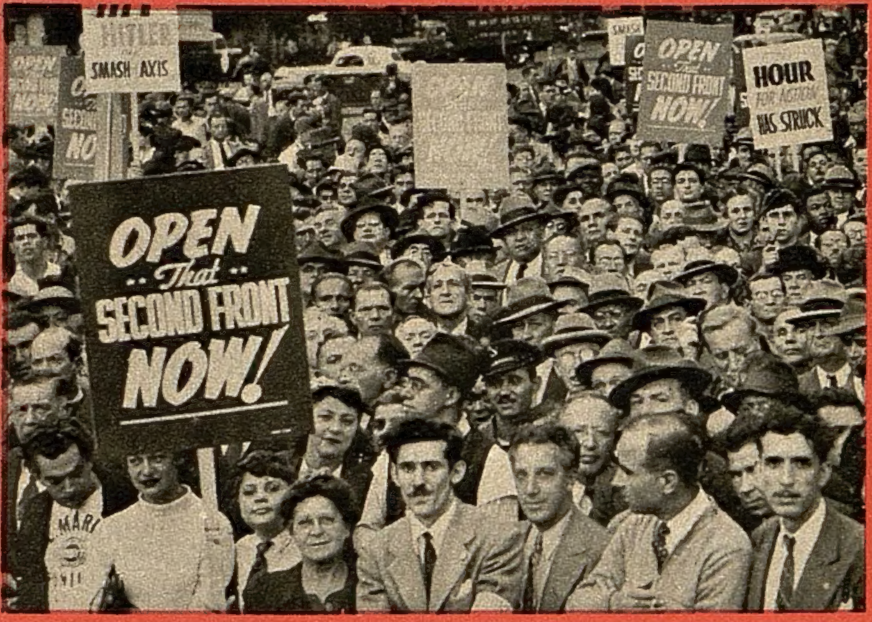


**The army happens to know that air power can't win. It can do the preliminary job.**

**It takes troops on the ground, moving forward by inches, to accomplish victory.**



**Fronts need supplies. For any front in Europe, we'll have supply lines ready.**


OPEN That SECOND FRONT NOW!
SMASH AXIS
HITLER
HOUR FOR ACTION HAS STRUCK
OPEN SECOND FRONT NOW!

**Mass meetings—before our boys landed in Africa—were demanding a second front.**

**Two women in a man's life, in a tug of war for his heart, can make even the army seem restful**

### BY RUTH LYONS

# WIFE OF A HERO

IT was quite a shock to him when he saw her waiting at the airport with the welcoming committee. Hers was the last face he had expected to see, the last he wanted to see.

It didn't make him feel any better to realize that she looked very beautiful, and that people were staring at her the way they always did. He remembered how he used to hate that, how he would say to her, "Sometimes I feel as if I've married a circus exhibit." And she would tilt her pretty nose in the air and say, "What an ingrate! You should be proud that you have a beautiful wife."

She never could understand that there was a core of shyness in him that made him shrink from being made conspicuous. To her, admiration and flattery were food and drink.

Ironically enough, it was those qualities that had attracted him to her in the first place. He had lived such a quiet, almost secluded, life with his elderly parents, had been so bewildered and lonely when he first came to the city, that when the "ball of fire," as her friends called Judy, burst upon him he had been lost in a rapturous daze that lasted well beyond their wedding day.

What an incredible piece of luck, he had thought at the time, that she loved him too. It wasn't until long months later that he began to think perhaps it was the wrong kind of luck.

Seeing her now, feeling all the old remembered resentments and hurts crowding up into him, made him forget his nervousness, and he found himself going through the dreaded ordeal of greetings and cheers and handshakes and flattery with surprising calm.

She cried, "Chris!" in her eager excited voice, and flung her arms around his neck and kissed him. And for a moment the old spark flamed in him and there was a quickening in the rhythm of his blood. He hated himself for it, and hated her too, remembering how she had always been able to win an argument by the simple method of flinging her arms around his neck and kissing him until he was ready to agree to anything she wanted if it would keep her in his arms.

While the cameras clicked around them, he managed to say coldly, "This is quite a surprise." But she pretended not to hear, saying gaily, "You look so handsome in your uniform, Chris. And I'm so proud of you."

Riding through the streets, crowded with cheering people, confetti falling around them, Judy beside him smiling vividly, eating it all up, he thought with a pang of Alice. It should be Alice sitting here beside him. Sweet gentle Alice. If Judy had kept her word and gotten a divorce he could be planning his marriage to Alice.

All through those grim horror-filled days and nights, the thought of Alice, cool and sweet, had sustained him. That, and the dream of returning to her when the war was finished, to the calm and comfort of her presence. And here he was, reprieved from the war for an indefinite space of time because through an unthinking act of courage or recklessness or pure burning rage he had become a hero, and it was Judy who must welcome him, the wife from whom he had parted in anger and hurt and disappointment.

He made himself smile and wave, feeling shy and self-conscious and a little foolish.

Later, when their escort dropped them at the familiar apartment house where they had lived out their brief hectic marriage, he said stiffly to Judy, "I'll run on to a hotel."

She grasped his hand and her own felt hot and feverish. "You can't, Chris. It'll look funny. You're a public figure now. You're a national hero. You have to do a morale job for the government. You can't let people think there's anything wrong in your home."

He stood there looking down at her, feeling trapped, resenting her for putting it this way, leaving him no way out.

He said, "I have to make a telephone call. I'll be back."

"To Alice, of course," she said. "I suppose it would be embarrassing to have me listen in. Go ahead, Chris. There's still a phone booth in the drugstore on the corner."

Her voice was even, but he saw something flicker in her eyes, and he said, "Listen, Judy. I don't want to fight with you any more. I've had enough of fighting for a while. I'll stay here with you until we can figure out something. But we both know our marriage was washed up a long time ago, and let's try to be sane and friendly about it."

"All right, Chris. Any way you want it." Her voice sounded weary all at once. "I don't want to fight you either. Believe it or not, I want you to be happy. You deserve it."

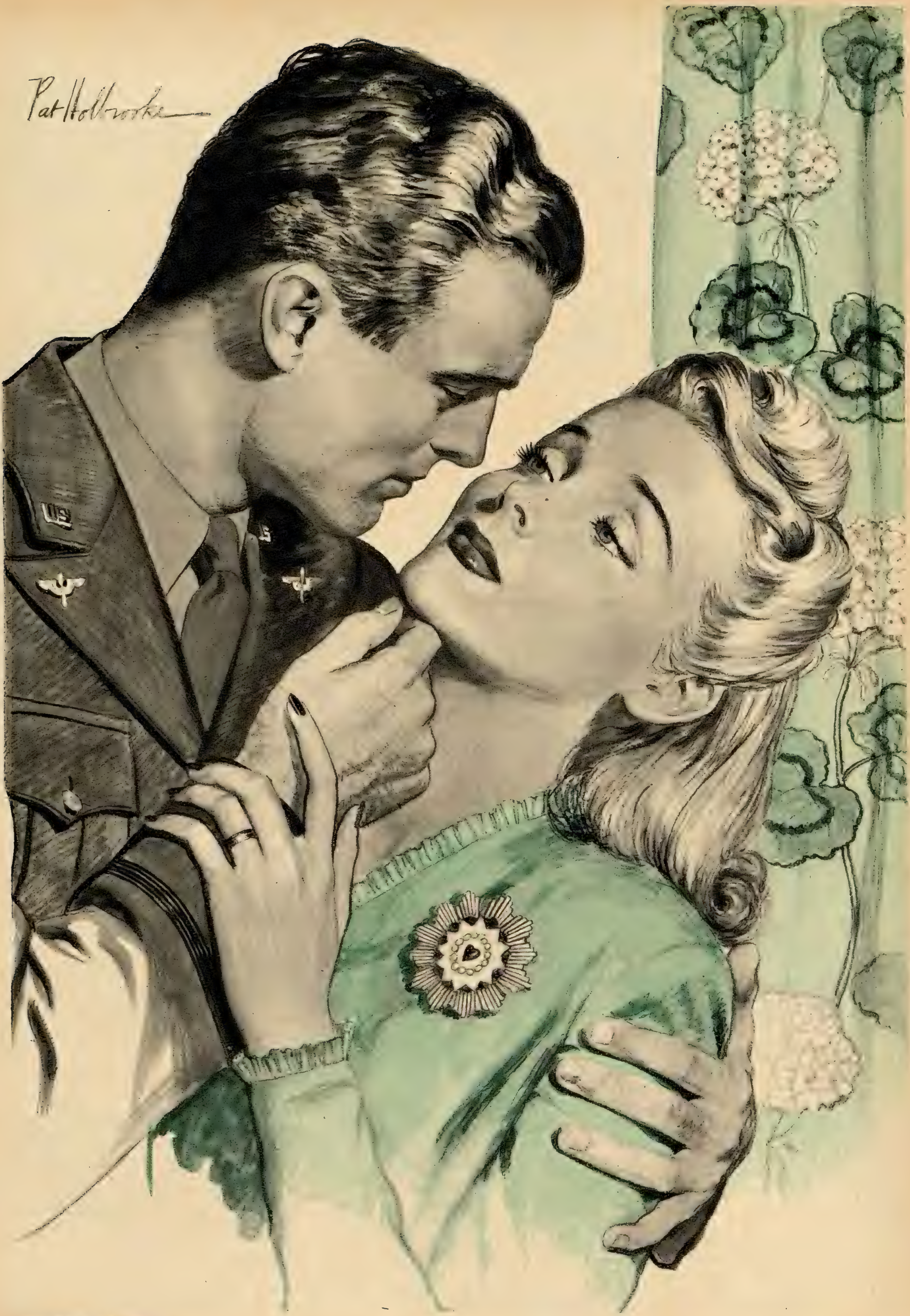
He was perspiring when he made the phone booth, after having tried to slide unnoticed past people. He felt confused and awkward again, the way he always had about life and people. In the army he had lost that awkwardness and confusion. There were rules you went by; your duties were clear and well defined; there was no need to puzzle if words spoken to you meant what they said or were merely a blind for some concealed emotion, no agony of wondering what to do or say when a voice you loved was raised in anger against you.

ALICE said, "Chris darling." Her voice over the phone was smooth, soothing, like a cool hand on a fevered brow. He found himself remembering how that voice had comforted him in the days when he had been so unhappy over Judy. Unhappy and lonely because she had gotten a spot in a small night club soon after their marriage, and although he wanted her to have her career, since it meant so much to her, he also wanted a wife to come home to in the evenings.

Those evenings had stretched with dismal loneliness ahead of him. He couldn't spend them at the night club,

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES

He took her chin in his hand and looked
her eyes. He said huskily, "Don't talk, d
ling. I've been such a dope. Such a dop


Pat Holbrooke
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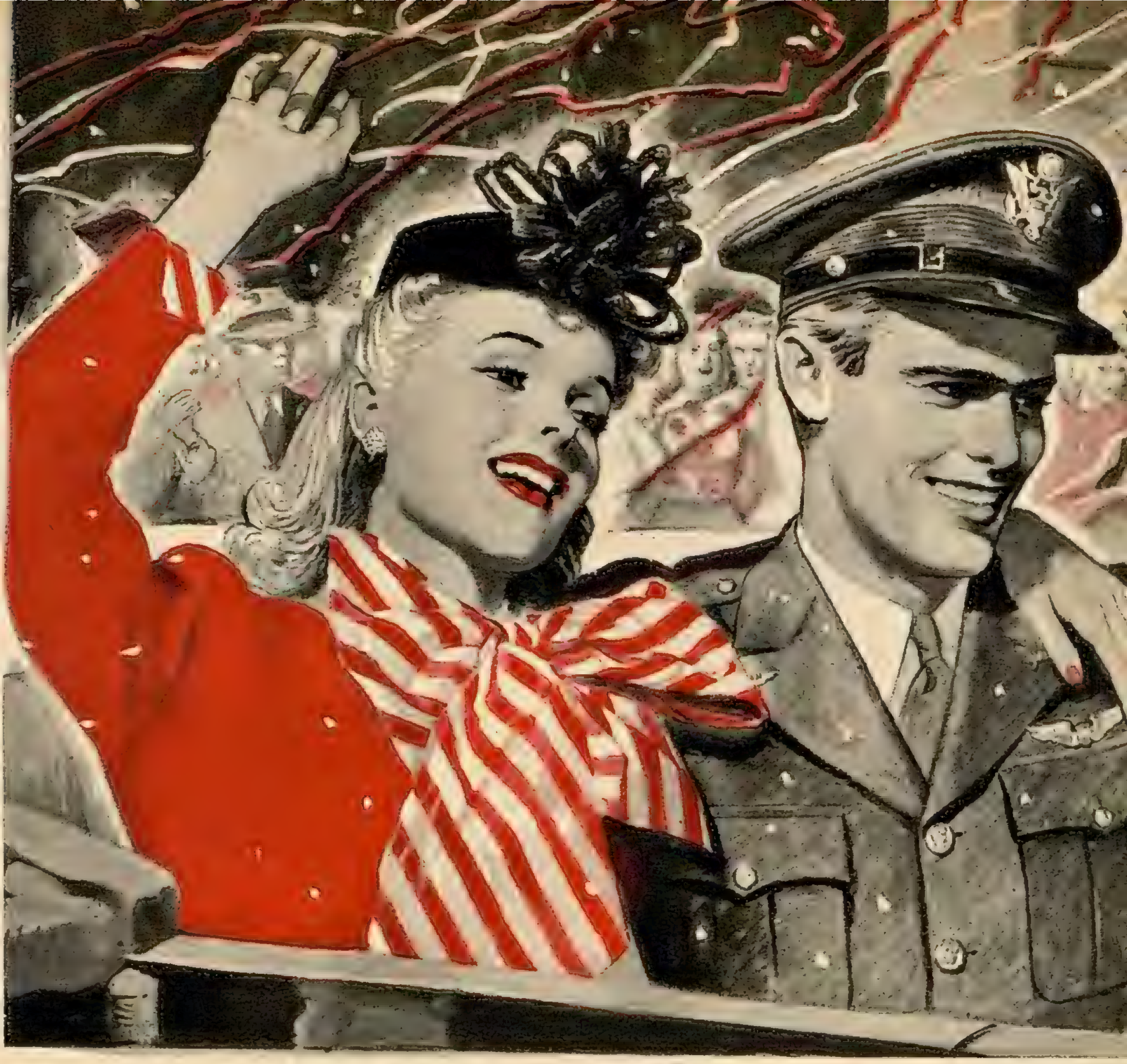
even had he wanted to or been able to afford it. He had been proud of Judy then, had delighted in watching her dance, listening to her sweet small voice; but Judy didn't belong to him when she was out there on the floor going through her act. Or rather, she belonged just as much to the others who watched her as she did to him. And besides, he had to be in bed by twelve to get to his job on time.

That was the beginning of it. There were those lonely evenings, and there was Alice, Judy's friend, who was sympathetic and kind. It had been so innocent at first. Alice had given him comfort and companionship. It had meant nothing more than that. But Judy couldn't see it that way. Impulsive, fiery Judy had flared up in anger and jealousy. She had accused Alice of trying to snatch him away from her.



THAT was the first time he had ever seen proud, calm Alice break down, when she told him the things Judy had said to her. And that was the first time he had kissed her. He remembered thinking bitterly at the time that it was Judy herself who had thrown Alice and him together by her unjust accusations.

Even now he could wince at the memory of their last battle. There is nothing so bitter as the death throes of love, and to Chris, inexperienced and inarticulate, knowing only that he must kill his feeling for Judy or forever be submerged by her, it had been agony. He had fled from the scene of it all and joined the army.

Now, having returned from the war for a brief respite, he saw all that spilled agonized emotion as a great futile waste. When you've been on a battlefield, viewed the unspeakable horrors, you could realize how petty were most of the things people quarreled about.

Hemmed in a hot phone booth, perspiring and unhappy, he wished he could find words to tell some one, tell Alice, the things he was thinking.

He said, "I had hoped to see you this evening, Alice; that's why I sent you the wire. But Judy was there to meet me. I didn't expect her—"

She said gently, "Yes, I know, Chris. I ran into her yesterday and she made quite a point of telling me that she was going to meet you.

"Don't be too harsh with her, Chris. You know she's like a self-centered child. She wants to share the glory with you, the publicity. She'll do anything for her career, anything to get her picture in the papers."

Of course that was it. How stupid of him not to have realized it immediately. How typical of him to have misunderstood Judy's motives.

He said, "They have my time pretty well mapped out for me. I have to talk at some defense plants tomorrow, and there are receptions and dinners and things lined up. But maybe in a few days I'll be able to manage an evening off. I'll call you tomorrow anyway."

When he got back to the apartment, Judy was in a pink satin house coat, curled up on the green sofa. For a moment the sight of her struck him like a blow in the heart. It brought it all back to him. Those first incredibly beautiful happy days when he would rush in to find her waiting for him, sweet and pretty and gay.

She gave him that vivid gay smile. "I've coffee on, and I've made sandwiches. I know you must be hungry. You were so nervous and self-conscious at that dinner I know you didn't eat anything."

He remembered how she had taken that dinner in her stride, her smile flowering on every one around her; and he hardened himself against her.

He said, "Why did you do this? Why did you make the big gesture of the happy wife welcoming her warrior home?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "What could I do? They notified me, naturally, being your wife. And I couldn't very well say we're separated and parted on not very good terms, could I?"

"I thought you were going to divorce me. That seemed to be what you wanted the last time we talked together."

She said lightly, "Why should I divorce a fine husband like you?" Her tone changed, became serious: "Chris, let's really be friends. Can't we start again?"

There was a pulse hammering somewhere inside him, and he felt tense and at the same time unutterably weary, and he wanted suddenly to lie down with his head in her lap.

He said stiffly, "What do you do with yourself these days? What's happened to your career?"

She shrugged again. "Oh, I've given it up for the duration."

"How can you live on the small allowance you get from my pay?"

"Oh, I manage. Forget that. How about some food?"

He found himself wanting desperately to know how she managed, and yet not wanting to know.

He said, "I'm tired. I want to sleep."

She said contritely, "I know you must be, poor darling. You can have our old room. I've fixed up the maid's room that we never had a maid for, for me."

THERE wasn't much time to think about personal problems in the days that followed. There were so many things to do, so many speeches to be made, speeches that you got through somehow while you sweated, until some serious, concerned face in a crowd caught you and you forgot yourself and your speech and found yourself talking naturally and telling them what they had to do.

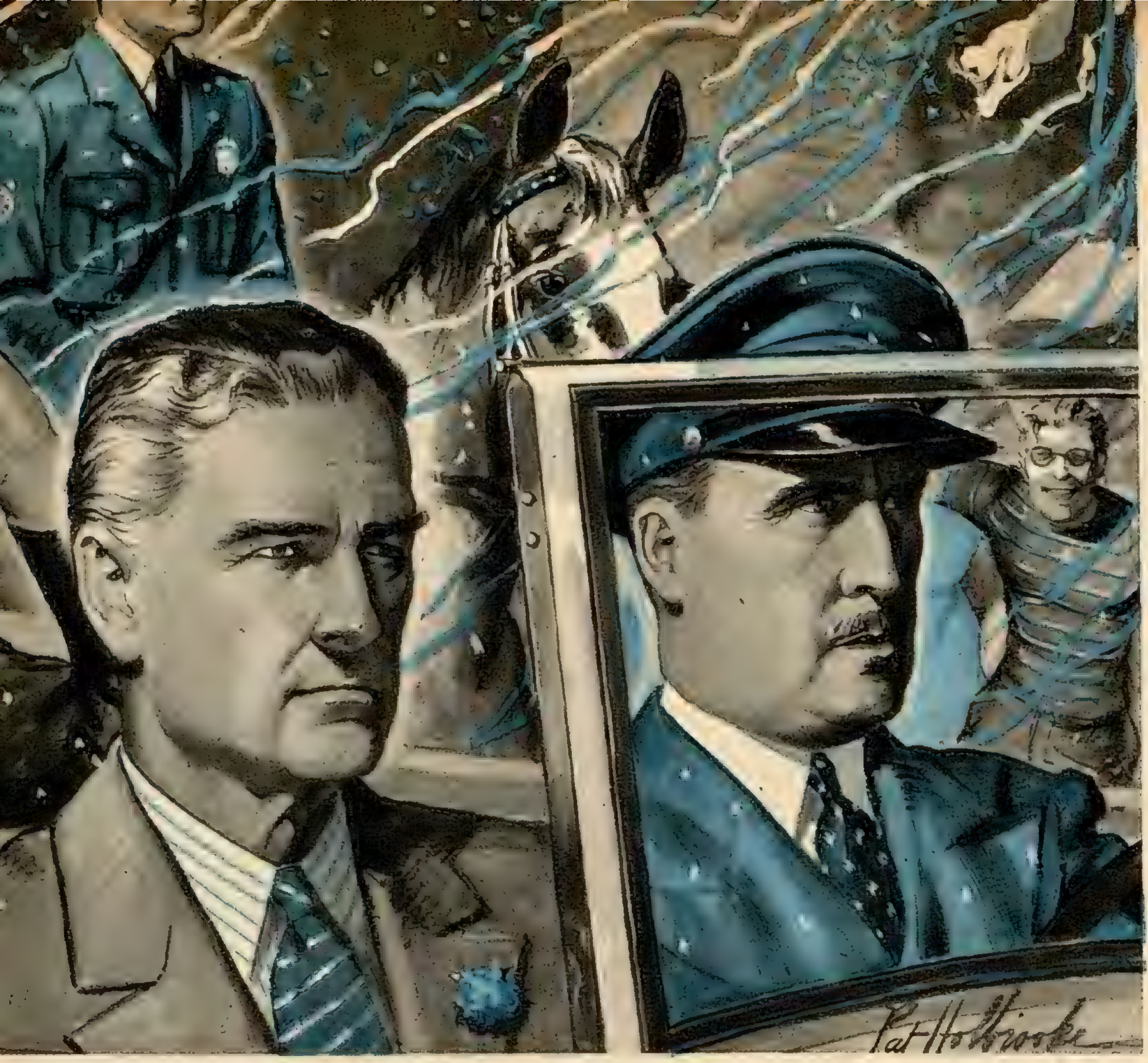
And through it all there was Judy, gay, vivid, and beautiful, and you would remember Alice saying, "She wants to share the glory with you. She'll do anything to get her picture in the papers."

And already there were offers, invitations to tests and auditions, which Judy laughingly tossed aside, saying, "Phooey! Small fry."

It was more than a week before he saw Alice. She met him, serene and lovely, and drew him into the peacefulness of her gracious home.

She said, "I'm so proud of you, Chris. It was so brave, what you did. Tell me all about it."

He said uncomfortably, "It wasn't



**Riding through the streets, crowded with cheering people, Judy beside him smiling vividly, he thought with a pang of Alice.**

anything really. I had to do it, and I did it."

He hadn't felt like a hero at the time. He'd been inflamed with a clear burning fire, and desperate, too. He'd seen men die around him and he had felt himself the instrument of justice to avenge them. But that was all there was to it.

It was odd now, being with Alice again, after all the dreams, the months of longing for her soothing presence. It wasn't as he had imagined it would be.

He said, "You're just the same, Alice. None of this seems to have changed you. How do you manage to keep yourself so—serene and untouched?"

She smiled fondly at him, as one might smile at a dearly loved child. "It's easy enough, if you really want to. I don't want any of it to touch me, so I lock myself into this peaceful little castle of mine. I scarcely ever listen to the radio or read the papers. Oh, I do a little knitting for the Red Cross but I don't believe they really need it. I don't believe in getting hysterical as so many people do."

He looked at her, and something cold ran down his spine, and suddenly he found himself wanting to get away from this well bred cloistered quiet that seemed all at once to have no relation to reality. No contact with life but a little-used knitting bag.

Judy's vivid face came to his inner vision. Her vital voice, warm with cheerfulness or brittle with anger, depending on her mood, rang in his ears. He could hear her shout with joy when the war news was good; hear her voice low and shocked when the news was bad:

The smooth static quiet in the room weighed down on him, and Judy's face grimaced from the writhing flames in the fireplace. He got up heavily and said he must leave.

She went with him to the door, her smile a little hurt but bravely sweet and understanding. She said, "I know how it is, Chris. You're afraid Judy will make a scene if you come in late."

He said, "No," surprised to find himself defending Judy. "She's different now. She's—businesslike about the whole arrangement."

Alice laughed softly. "Well, let's hope she gets a good offer soon so she won't cling to you any longer for your publicity value." She raised her face for his kiss, and he touched his lips lightly to hers, feeling a pang of guilt, of unfaithfulness to Judy. And he thought angrily, When will I be rid of her? It was all settled and now she's messed up my life again.

Alice said, "Tomorrow evening, Chris? Will you be able to get away for a while? There's so much we have to talk about. So much to settle. . . ."

HE thought of the letters he had written her. Those faltering phrases, "When I come back—if I come back—I'll want to be with you always." It seemed so far away and unimportant now—that reaching out to her, the desire to cling to her and be always in her soothing presence.

Judy was waiting for him, not curled up in her usual lazy pose but stiff and erect, her face pale, intent.

She said, "You've been with her, haven't you? You want to marry her, don't you? She told me about it before you came back."

He couldn't answer, standing there before her stiff and silent, a wild confusion raging in him. He looked at her while the old magic started working on him again against his will. He wanted to take her in his arms, shaking her until she wept, and then kiss the tears away.

He said, "What difference does it make, Judy? You and I can't get along together. You said you wanted a divorce."

Her chin snapped up, and the old fire was back in her eyes, the color in her cheeks.

SHE said, "I'll divorce you any time you want. I put it off—I don't know why."

He said heavily, "You wanted to play the role of the adoring wife waiting for her husband to come home from the wars. That's why you've put on this act. You wanted all that publicity. And now you've got plenty of offers to choose from. You can go on to your big career. If you'd divorced me, every one would have been unsympathetic toward you for deserting a man while he was fighting for his country. And that would have been bad for your career."

She looked as if he had struck her, and he felt suddenly ashamed.

"No!" she cried softly. "Oh, no. It was because of you I let them think everything was all right between us. You're such a shining hero—I didn't want to have any blemish on you, any hint of scandal—"

He said wearily, "I didn't want to talk about it, Judy. Talking gets me all mixed up, and I never know the right words to say. I'll be going back soon and then you can do what you want about divorcing me. It doesn't seem to matter much right now."

He saw her face brighten, saw something spark in her eyes, and she said softly, "Then you don't want to marry Alice right away?"

He turned away from her without answering. How could he tell her what he wanted to do when he didn't know himself?

The next afternoon he spoke to the workers at an airplane factory. He started his speech haltingly, wretched with embarrassment.

And then his eye rested on the intent serious face of a woman worker in overalls, bandanna around her hair, and he talked to her, telling it all to her, as if he must make her see that he wasn't nervous, and gradually he relaxed and looked around at the others and felt his heart swell that all these good hard-working people should look up to him as if he had some special message for them.

Afterward they crowded up to talk with him, to shake his hand, and finally he found the woman with the bandanna standing before him, her eyes shining.

*(Continued on page 38)*

# VIA U. S. SUB TO JAPAN—

## BY A NAVY SUBMARINE SKIPPER

## as told to Stanton Delaplane

ILLUSTRATED BY C. FRANKLIN WHITMACK

**Just a year ago, at the early morning hour when the Japs dealt their blow at Pearl Harbor, this submarine, the Eel, was in Hawaiian waters taking part in a grim practice for the war with Japan that was expected to come—but not to come so soon or so abruptly. Forty-eight hours later, as her skipper told in Liberty last week, she was on her way to Japan's coast. When or whether she would return was more than those aboard her knew; but the spirit of the entire crew had been voiced by one seaman immediately after the news of the Jap attack had come by radio. "Captain," he had inquired respectfully, "when can we get out after the ——s?"**

Here we are, a few miles off the Japanese coast. Our fleet submarine, the Eel, has just arrived at the destination area. The Japs don't know it yet, but their lines of communication are in danger.

Across the path of their stubborn chugging cargo ships are the undersea raiders of the American Navy. Hail and well met, Hirohito!

We are cruising over the tossing black waters on a night surface patrol. Fresh air is pouring into the crew's quarters through the motor rooms. The batteries are gulping new charges for daytime submerged patrol.

The gunnery officer puts down his binoculars. "Looks like they're celebrating," he says sourly. "Think they've got the war won."

It wasn't any sight to cheer you up. The Japs were an insolent cocky bunch in those early days. The way their radio boys were pouring it on, you'd have thought they'd completely won the war and were dictating the peace in Washington. We used to listen to the English-language broadcasts once in a while.

Remember, we left Pearl Harbor two days after the first raid. We were as much stunned as any one by what we had seen as we steamed down the channel — the wreckage of Hickam Field on one side, the Arizona belching smoke.

We hadn't had a chance to adjust. We hadn't seen the quick recovery made by the repair crews. We came out in fighting desperation, determined to crack the Jap supply lines or be killed.

Sure, we thought we were expendable. But we were determined to hold them back until the fleet could get into operation again. A handful of stove-black submarines against the Japanese Imperial Fleet.

Well, we've got here, all ready for business. Gave me quite a bang to write the date of our arrival in the war diary.

If our families could know of it! They're on the West Coast of the mainland waiting to hear from us. They don't even know we were out of Pearl Harbor in forty-eight hours.

Down in the crew's quarters the men have broken out an accordion and I can hear them singing good old songs. It lifts me a thousand miles and takes me back thousands more, to the New England states where I was a boy. The snowy evenings in the town square, the old-fashioned street lights, and the lights in the old houses, the old homes, shining out through the frosted windowpanes. The smell of pumpkin pies baking and the sharp air of winter, with an icy moon sailing over the snowy pastures.

I mutter a change of course to the wheel. The Eel rolls in the sea and the wind cuts at my heavy submarine jacket. Midnight. The watch is changing.

I go below to pull off my shoes and curl up in the conning tower where I can reach the bridge in a hurry. I remember what it was like to turn in for a winter night at home. . . .

Somebody gives my arm a shake.

"Ship sighted, sir!"

I'm wide awake now. My feet go into the worn leather slippers. The submarine jacket is half on as I swing up the ladder and reach for the binoculars.

The officer of the deck is pointing forward a couple of points on the port bow.

"Looks like a cargo ship on opposite course."

I swing the binoculars into position and adjust the eyepieces. There is a blur of white in the blackness. The glasses focus. Yet, it's a wave curling up from the ship's bow.

"Battle stations!"

Word goes through the ship on the phones and the alarm bell. The off watch tumbles from bunks. I strain my eyes through the dark. A Jap merchant ship. We've studied their silhouettes until we know them by heart. She's coming along on a parallel course, churning down the road to the war zone.

Her screws are kicking up lather astern like a washing machine. She's a freighter of the —— Maru class. But she's fish bait now.

I swing the Eel for a stern attack, hot with excitement. This is my first shot in the war. The gunnery officer is plotting the angles. I talk by phone with the torpedo nest where the men below are as excited as I am. Word has spread to be on the alert. We are going into action.

The gunnery officer is ready.

"One and two torpedo tubes ready!"

The phone talks back at me:

"One and two ready, sir!"

"Steady!" to the helmsman through the voice tube. The Jap is looming up, steaming unsuspecting across the tubes. My mouth is dry as sand as the gunnery officer reaches for the firing "pickle," the button that will dump the applecart.

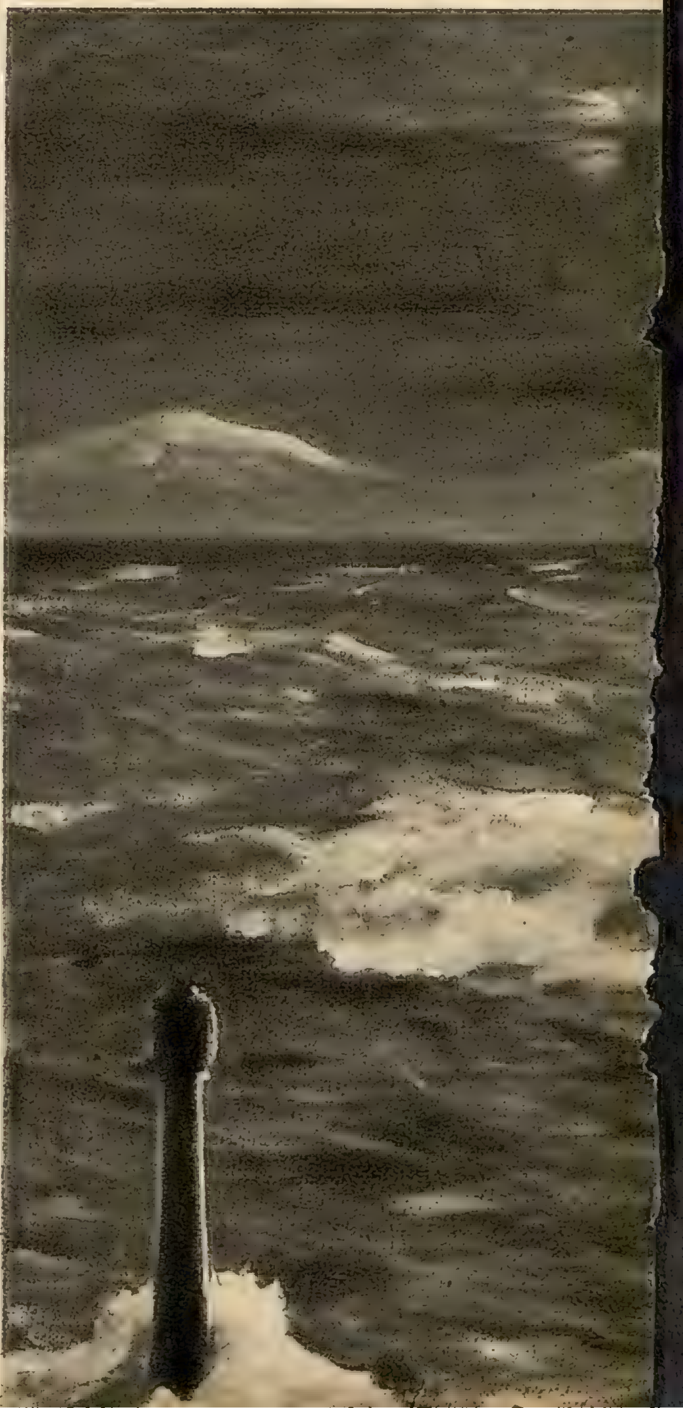
"Stand by on one and two!"

The phone responds, rasping, abrupt.

*"Fire one!"*

The Eel jars and the torpedo hisses away in a blast of compressed air.

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES



Both the big fish ram into the Jap's side with a crash that hammers back across the water. We watch him sink.

*"Fire two!"* That ought to do it.

Another jar. The phone says quietly, "One and two fired, sir!"

I can see the torpedoes away down the track in a streak of white water and I yell into the phones:

"There they go! Hot, straight, and normal!"

It is black as pitch. Both the big fish ram into the Jap's side with a crash that hammers back across the water. There is a muffled explosion. They must have rammed an empty compartment and the explosion is inside. The Jap falters, wounded. A big cloud of black and white smoke rises amidships.

In five minutes he is down by the bow, stern-high. I cannot see any boats launched, and he is lucky if he gets his life rafts over.

I have no feeling of killing. This is the job I was trained for and I've done it.

We watch him sink and make preparations to get away quick. He may have radioed that he is attacked and seaplanes will be buzzing around before long. My men are grinning from ear to ear.

"O. K. Let's go!"

The submarine jumps under the motors. The wheel spins in the hard brown hands of the quartermaster. Behind us, wreckage spreads over the early-morning sea.

WE have dinner at a hundred feet below the surface. We make a special occasion of it, something to be celebrated. The men have decorated their quarters and the officers' mess table with red-white-and-blue ribbon. The mess boy brings a plate of toasted hors d'oeuvres, the best I ever tasted.

"Hey," I say. "Don't tell me the cook made these."

"No, suh—'at new reecroot, Brown. He made 'at fancy stuff, suh."

Brown, it turns out, is the son of a Chicago chain cafeteria owner. When war came he was studying menus and food preparatory to entering the business. Now he's a seaman, turning loose a few fancy touches on us.

We run up to periscope depth for a look around. Nothing in sight. We drop back down again. The crew are singing with the accordion back in their quarters:

"Oh, how I'd like to see that old gang
of mine!
I can't forget that old quartet that sang
sweet Adeline. . . ."

The officers at the table are looking a little glum and uncomfortable, a little ashamed that each is so obviously caught in his memories of festive evenings back home. It's tough to be away from home in such an hour of good cheer. Tougher to think you may not get back.

I feel it as much as they do. But I'm the skipper. I can't show it. I suggest briskly that we get together with the men for some singing. They get up reluctantly, probably thinking the Old Man is a tough so-and-so.

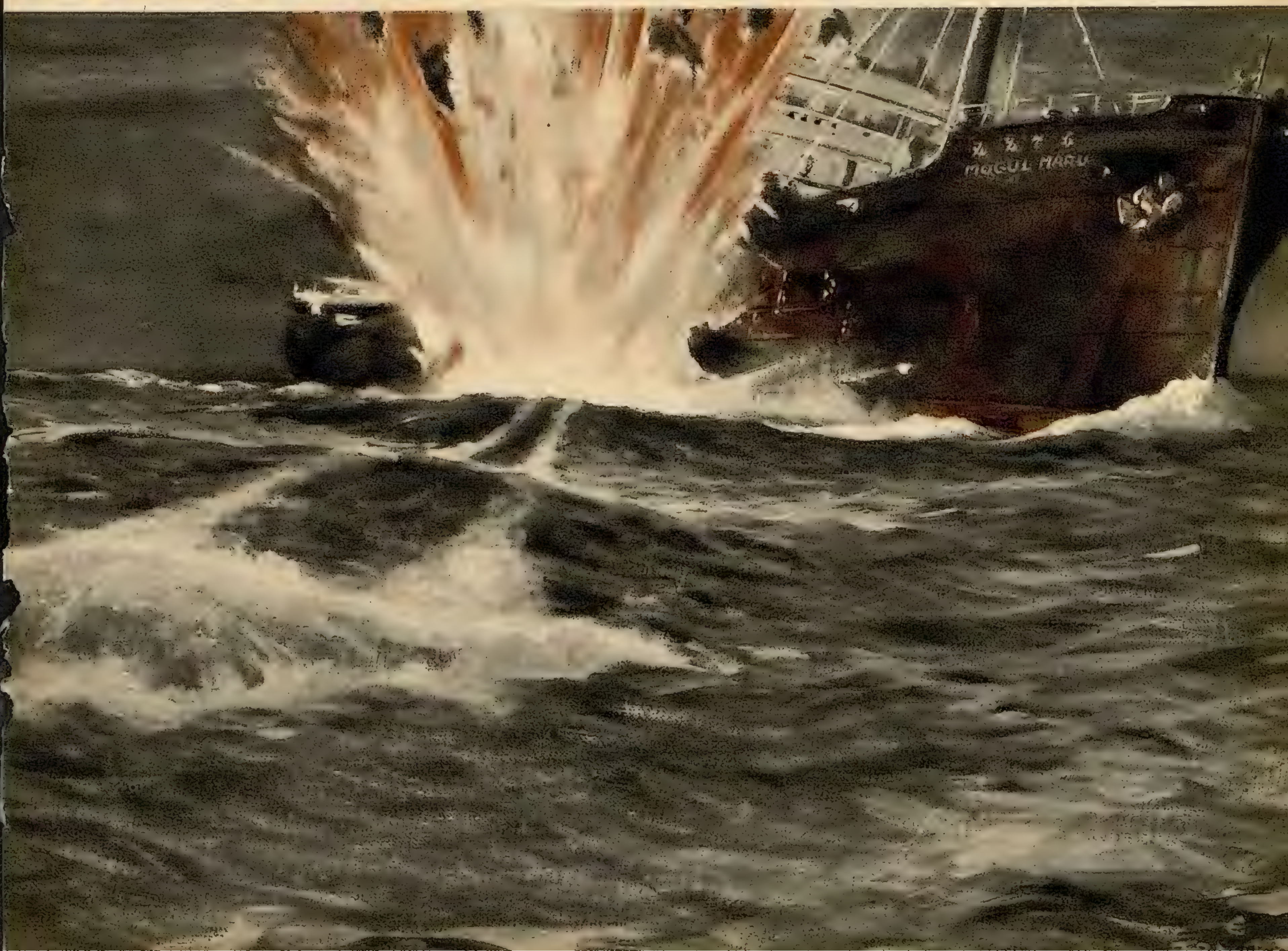
But it works. In a few minutes we are all hitting it with the crew, and our Texas boy—there's one on every ship—is telling how his teetotaler uncle used to fortify himself once a year against snake bite.

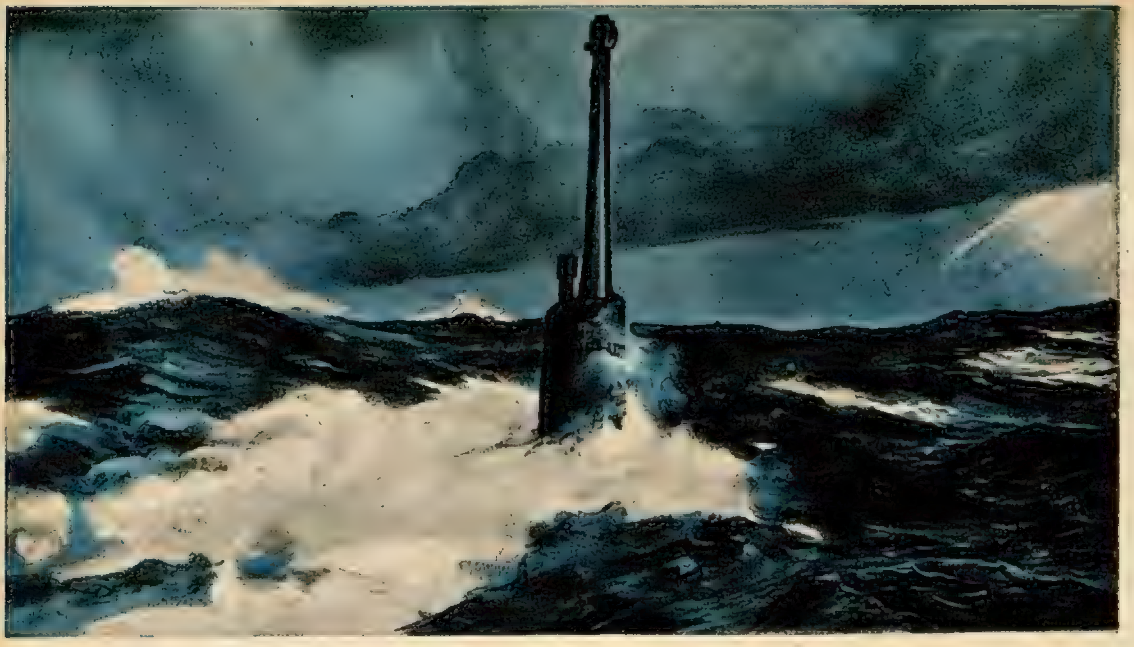
That's one thing I like about the submarine service. It's the most democratic service in the world. Officers and men are very close. And it's the men who draw the line of respect. No officer has to enforce it. A crew can spot a bad officer the minute he comes up the gangway. My officers were good.

Dinner is just like a bang-up dinner at home. We feed the best in the navy in sub service. We have roast turkey we carried frozen across the Pacific;

# ND BACK!

**Down go three enemy ships . . then—bam!—a Jap destroyer starts dropping depth charges**





cranberry sauce, canned; sweet potatoes and gravy and our own ship-baked pumpkin pie.

We surface at sunset, gold water pouring off into cream as we split the sea. I don't hand the Japs much, but they do have the most beautiful sunsets in the world on this coast. They are right off a picture post card.

The Japs aren't wise to us yet, for another big cargo-passenger ship is coming down the line. Again we swing for a stern attack.

"Fire one! Fire two!"

The Jap hustles along his way. Both torpedoes were clean misses. He didn't even see their tracks in the black heaving waters. I am cursing mad. The boys below know we've missed. They can hear me in the phones. It's a wonder they don't hear me ashore too. The Jap is pulling on and we can't risk trying to overtake him. That's several tons of war material slipped through us. In a week they may be throwing that high explosive at Bataan.

I SWING on the gunnery officer and then shut my mouth tight. I've never seen this before, but I know I'm up against one of those psychological tricks that may hit any submarine man, his nerves frayed by weeks of dodging, cramped quarters, and the strain of undersea life.

Tears are streaming down his face and his shoulders are shaking.

"Take over," I say sharply to one of the other officers, and I run the gunnery officer down to the wardroom. He drops his head on the table and sobs. I grab him hard by the shoulders.

"Stop it! Shut up! It wasn't your fault! Get that? It wasn't. The fish probably ran under her. We'll get another tomorrow!"

Gradually he gets hold of himself. I slap him on the back and send him back to duty—back where he can fall into the pattern of work that he knows and get his control back. He's a fine gunnery officer and will never break down again.

He was an All-America end at Annapolis. His team lost only one game and he wasn't in that. When he came to the fleet he was a good officer. As a submarine man he ran our target score into a record. He was used to winning. So when he failed to win this time, the shock of it plus the long strain of patrol broke him up. I'll keep an eye on him the rest of this voyage, but I know he'll be O. K. from now on.

WE run submerged through the next day. Cautiously, too. The Japs have got us ticketed now. I caught a destroyer this morning on the horizon, running down the coast, sniffing for us with his sound gear.

Every time the periscope goes up there is the chance that we may look right into the armored teeth of a destroyer or right up into the bomb rack of a plane. It's a nervous strain, coming up slowly.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG LOVERS

Light love is only true love in disguise;
Condemn it not, but look into her
eyes.
You're merely in your great play's
crude rehearsal
Before the passion that is universal.

*CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.*

"Up periscope!"

Sweep the horizon while the diving officer watches your face tensely, ready to drop the sub like a rock at the first shadow.

There's something quite impersonal about hunting by submarine. I can't imagine Japs on those ships—brown men with graying faces as the torpedoes burst their steampipes and the ship shudders down in the cold green water.

All I wish now is that we could get topside in the sun for awhile. Night and day are so much alike that our men—working four hours on and eight hours off—choose whichever off watch they like to sleep. There's no difference between night and day for the men below.

This morning the boy from Texas told a pal:

"Man, I wisht I was in Dallas this morning. I'd be out in a canoe on the lake with my girl, just soakin' up the sun. Then I'd have me a big ice-cream soda."

"And then," said the other sailor, "you'd tell her how nice it was out here in a nice cool submarine."

That was the first time I heard a crew man talk about girls. For some reason, in the submarines there's an unmentioned agreement that we don't talk about girls or family.

The moon is up this next night when we make our next kill. We see the Jap steaming along toward us. But we cannot circle, for the moon may show our silhouette. The gunnery officer is a little shaky. I keep a sharp eye on him. I want him to get this next ship—for his own good.

We maneuver with the moon to present a slim sliver of black target.

As the Jap crosses our tail we let three fish fly.

I don't hear any explosion and our target is in the dark. The gunnery officer's eyes are wide open. I get ready to chase this Jap. I want him bad.

The phones speak exultantly:

"You got him, sir!"

I still can't believe it. We circle. By heaven, yes! There he is with his tail in the air, going down fast! The gunnery officer lets go a sigh that could be heard from here to Tokyo.

We were upwind more than a mile and couldn't hear the explosions. That's the funny thing about it. We'd fired plenty of practice torpedoes, but none of us had ever sunk live fish into a ship. We didn't know how they'd act.

We couldn't hear it on the bridge. But the men below could hear it through the skin of the Eel. Sound is sharp under water. We hit the Jap with all three fish.

SINCE then I've learned what to expect. If you hit a tanker or munitions ship, it goes up with plenty of flame and roar. Sometimes a fish goes right through the skin of a ship and the explosion is inside and muffled. If the compartment is loaded, the fish explodes more outside. Then you get a big flash of smoke.

Usually you get black and white smoke as they go down.

The men really "take off" over this second ship. They celebrate and talk about it all night. The next day I notice they've painted two four-inch Jap flags on the bulkhead. Each one has a torpedo going through the Rising Sun. I'm glad to see it. It means morale is good and the men are with me.

They look at me admiringly as though I'd got those ships alone.

"You got 'em, didn't you, skipper?" they say.

I tell them: "With your shooting we got them."

And we certainly all feel swell!

Our O. D. spotted our next victim three days later. It was about two o'clock in the morning and I didn't bother to pull the off watch from their bunks. We could handle it with the section and key men on duty.

The O. D. had remarkable eyes. He had already started his approach when he called me and I reached the bridge. It was a good-sized freighter coming out of harbor and it was a dark night, black as pitch.

We recognized her through the darkness. We were surfaced, of course, and we stopped, just offering a narrow silhouette. I thought she was a certain distance away. But it turned out she was only about three eighths of a mile. The torpedo smacked her, *bam!* and damn near blew us out of the water.

It was two o'clock again the next morning when they called me up. A big half-moon rolled through the clouds. Here was another Jap. It was like a shooting gallery there on the coast. We'd pop one off and another would slide up on the firing line.

This one went off with a hell of a bang too. I think they had both been heavy with munitions. I never saw anybody get off any ship we sank. And I wouldn't have picked them up if I had.

Believe me, we didn't go in for any courtesy on the Japanese coast. This was bloody, bitter war. We fought it that way, expecting the same thing in return. We were certain that we could dish out more than they could. And we did.

I had no room for prisoners and no one to talk Japanese to them if we picked them up. We fired, then circled to make sure the ship was really done for.

Then we dunked and got away from there as fast as we could.

A submarine is no place to fool around. Every time you go under you are bucking nature. As I figure it out, God meant us to walk on the ground. When we take to the air or go under the sea, we are bucking nature. And nature is something to respect.

I told that to my officers when I got my command. "I want you to remember it twice as much now," I told them again when war was declared.

OUR American submarines are made with every safety factor. If ours sinks and we can't get her up by one means, we have another auxiliary means. If that doesn't work, we have another method. And if *that* doesn't work, we can finally pump her out and raise her by hand.

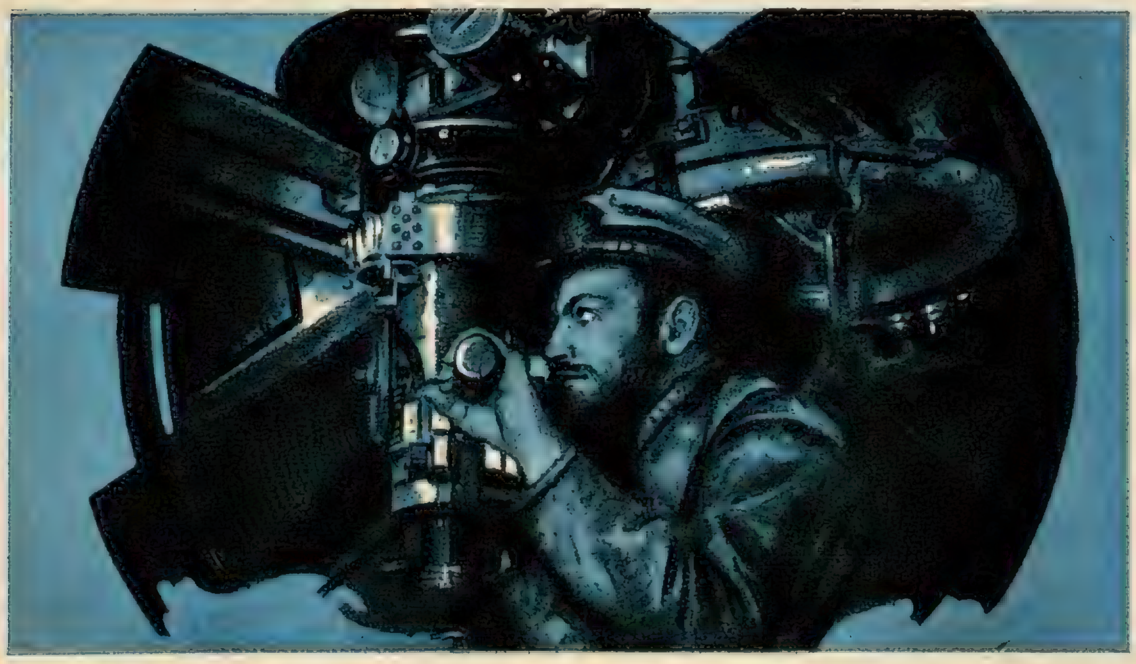
## ANSWER TO A YOUNG GIRL WHO WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT MEN, ETC.

Men like you dumb,
Men like you witty,
Men like you plain,
Men like you pretty.
Men like to be
The lovers grand.
Men like to eat
Out of your hand.
My dear, you'll find
That gentlemen vary—
Some like to play,
Some like to marry.
So no advice
Can twice hold true.
The question is:
Do men like *you?*

—RONNIE LEWSON.

We have devices to get to the surface by leaving her, and a number of other ways of saving lives. We believe submarine duty is the safest and best service of all.

We don't think of our men as expendable material. We expect to do our job and get away to do it again another day.



But our fuel now was getting low. And, what was more important, three or four of my best men had made simple mistakes. They were showing the strain. When that happens, it's best to head for the barn.

But no submarine skipper makes decisions like that alone. He talks it over with his officers. I called them together one day.

"Fuel's low," I told them. "How do you feel about going home?"

They were in accord. We decided to make a last day's patrol before turning the Eel's black nose eastward and homeward.

In the morning we spot a Jap cargo boat sneaking alongshore, and ready our tubes for our first daylight shot below surface. We are at periscope depth, sneaking along on batteries, peeking once in a while through the periscope.

"Up periscope!" I take a quick look and order a few extra jolts of speed ahead.

We line up again.

"Ready one and two! . . . Fire one! Fire two!"

We jar twice in the backlash of compressed air. The torpedoes are twin streaks of foam receding to pin points and converging on the target.

*Boom-boom!* They hit, and the ship begins a lazy, smoking half circle.

"GOT her!" says the gunnery officer with satisfaction. His blues are all gone. He's on the winning team again. I swing the periscope automatically around the horizon and then I yell:

"Take her down! All hands man battle stations submerged."

We pitch at a sharp angle and the alarm bell and klaxon fill the ship with noise.

Five thousand yards away a Jap destroyer is racing out of the fog banks where she was hiding while we fired at the decoy freighter. She's the baby that was built to get guys like us.

"Dive! Take her down!" The diving officer is at the controls working like a madman. The gauges are spinning. The deck pitches at an angle. Crew men are at their stations, waiting.

Not much we can do now. We can't fight back. All we can do is play underwater hide-and-seek.

It comes to me now as the deck slants away beneath my feet that I could have gone home last night. But this is the chance submarine men take in their jobs, and now the percentage has caught up with us.

*Bam!* The first depth charge I ever heard under water explodes. It sounds like the crack of a five-inch gun. Nearly splits our eardrums.

The Jap is overhead now. Sounds like an elevated train going over.

Please, God, don't let him let go now!

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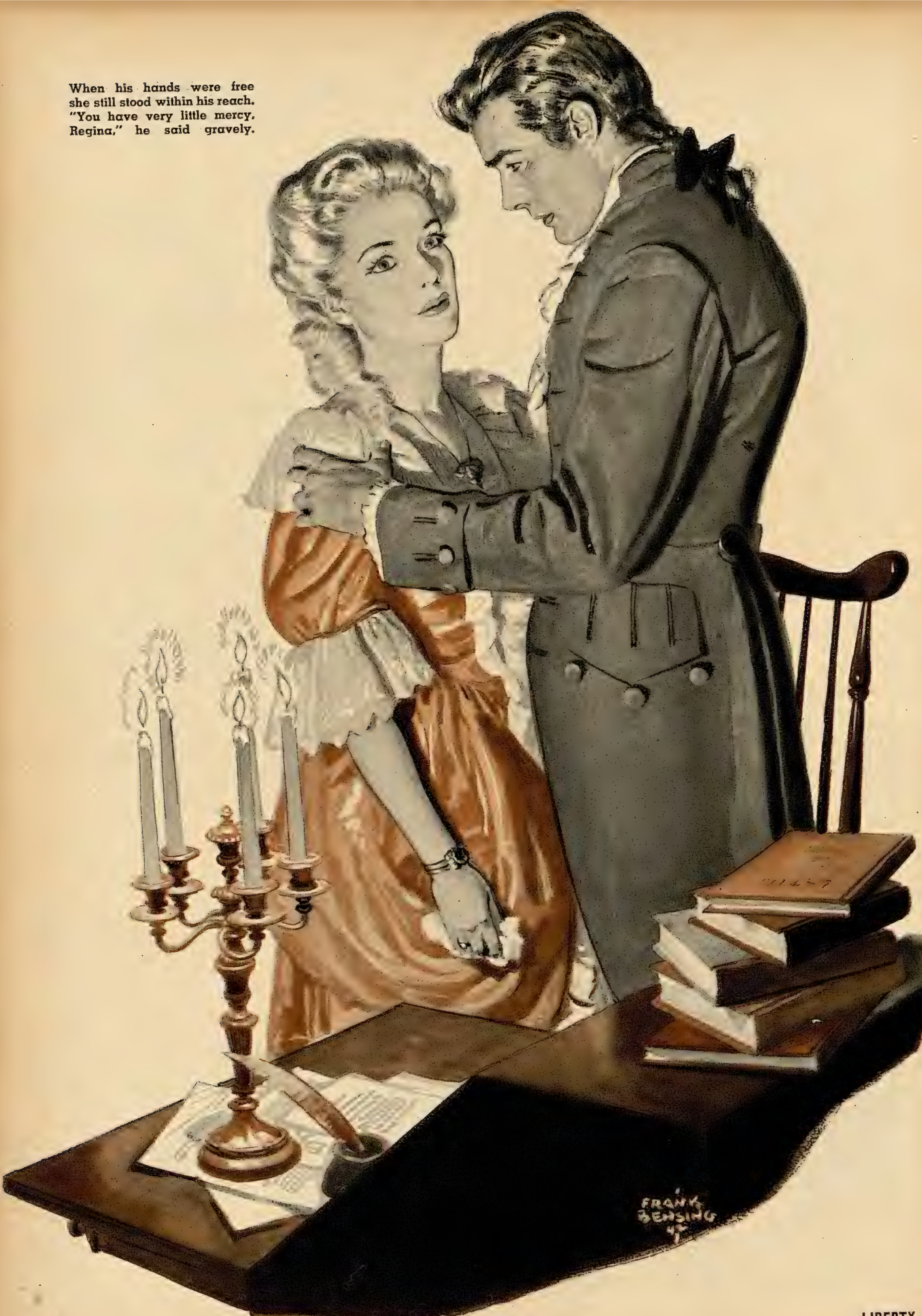
*The submarine skipper's account of the homeward voyage will reach its climax and will be concluded in Liberty next week.*

When his hands were free she still stood within his reach. "You have very little mercy, Regina," he said gravely.


FRANK BENSING

## What Has Gone Before

WHEN Julian Day arrived at Yorktown, Virginia, from Southampton on his twenty-first birthday in May, 1774, his one idea was to earn enough money, quickly, to pay his passage back to England. His father, who had been appointed to the college at Williamsburg, had died at sea and, as Julian explained to St. John Sprague, who met him at the dock, there was no reason for him to stay.

"Give us a chance," said Sprague, who had come to Virginia from London some three years before and had fallen in love with the New World. "You might like it here."

Julian *did* like Sprague, and Sprague's Aunt Anabel, who lived with her nephew in Williamsburg. He was charmed with the city, with the gracious ways of living in a place he had expected to find primitive. But he was shocked at the attitude of most Virginians toward the King. Even Sprague seemed sympathetic toward those Boston rowdies who had dumped tea in the harbor! The talk of such men as Patrick Henry, George Washington, George Wythe, and Thomas Jefferson convinced him that war with England was closer than any one in London realized and that, when it came, Virginia would stand with Massachusetts.

More than ever determined to go back to England, Julian, in order to earn his passage money, accepted a post as teacher in a boys' school. Kit Mawes was one of his pupils, and Kit's twin sister, Tibby, begged to be allowed to come to school too. The twins' mother was a laundress, their stepfather a drunkard, but Tibby had somehow acquired a thirst for learning. Julian, who found the girl "half elf and wholly fascinating," made plans to get her into Mrs. Hallam's school, attended by the daughters of Williamsburg's élite.

In the meantime, the quarrel between England and the colonies grew. War seemed imminent. Virginians whose womenfolk were in London called them home. Dorothea, Sprague's young sister, arrived in April. With her was Regina Greensleeves, daughter of a Virginia planter. All Williamsburg believed that her betrothal to St. John Sprague would soon be announced.

Julian, with St. John, met the two young women at the dock. Golden-haired, beautiful, an accomplished flirt, Regina smiled on him once and the young man knew that he was in love.

# DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

### A brilliant novel of America's beginnings . . and a strange romance that bloomed while war drums beat

### BY ELSWYTH THANE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

SUPPER in Francis Street was gay and went on forever, with a few close friends invited to welcome Dorothea to Williamsburg. When they had all gone at last, St. John put another log on the fire, for the night had grown damp, and with Julian, Aunt Anabel, and Dorothea, sat down to sip hot milk and hear the news of granny and London. Julian, who was still staying at the house, proposed tactfully to go to bed, and was promptly squelched into his usual chair by the hearth. St. John lighted his yard of clay and put his feet on the fender.

"You ought to smoke, Julian," he observed, not for the first time. "It's very soothing."

"It stays on the tongue," said Julian —his usual answer—and Dorothea looked at him with added interest.

"I thought all men smoked," she remarked innocently.

"And do all the men of your acquaintance drink themselves under the table, too?" Julian inquired.

St. John said he didn't see the connection, and there was laughter.

"There aren't really any men of my acquaintance—that's the trouble," she confessed. "Granny didn't like men and I seldom saw any. Was grandfather so dreadful, Sinjie?"

"Grandfather was a bit of a lad in his day," her brother told her comfortably. "He drowned himself in a butt of malmsey when I was about twelve."

"Sinjie!" cried Aunt Anabel. "Your grandfather died in his bed of a stroke! I was there."

"You always were a liar, Sinjie," murmured Dorothea with affection. Her eyes were heavy with sleep, her dark curls had loosened. She looked adorable, but Julian was still bemused by the fact that Regina Greensleeves had known who he was. "Were you lying when you said there was going to be a war?" Dorothea pursued, and Aunt Anabel sighed.

"I'm afraid that's one time he was telling the unpleasant truth, dear."

"There's a story going round London that the King has asked the Empress of Russia for troops to send to America," Dorothea remarked.

Everybody sat bolt upright and stared at her.

"Russian troops!" cried St. John. "Hired mercenaries sent against us! He would, would he? By heaven, that's too much! If he does that, I'll enlist myself! Julian, how can you sit there? Say something, man!"

"I—can't believe it's true," said Julian.

"No, of course not. Why Russians?" asked Aunt Anabel sensibly.

"Because Britain hasn't got enough soldiers, they say. Mind you, I'm only repeating gossip Lady Cathcart brought." Dorothea looked distressed and uncertain. "*She* says it's difficult to find British officers willing to serve against the colonists, and the ranks don't like it either. Of course that only annoys her, because she believes Massachusetts should have a good drubbing. She thinks America is a rabble; but I'm sure, from what I've seen of it, she has entirely the wrong impression." Dorothea beamed round at them, her eyes resting last and longest on Julian.

READING TIME ● 38 MINUTES

"Russians!" said St. John, pacing the room. "Well, I'm damned! Wait till Jefferson hears this!"

As he spoke, there was a distant roll of drums.

"*Indians!*" gasped Dorothea, white-faced.

"No, it's not Indians. Nor Russians, either," said Aunt Anabel firmly. "Sinjie, what does it mean?"

St. John turned from the window and laid down his pipe with a steady hand. "They're beating the alarm," he said very low, and the line of his jaw was tight. "That calls the Independent companies to arms. It sounds as though it came from the direction of the powder magazine. They had a guard there for a while, but I thought it had been removed. I'll go and see what it is." He rang for Joshua and asked for his hat and sword.

"I'll go with you." Julian rose.

"No!" cried Aunt Anabel. "I won't be left without a man in the house. Julian, you must stay here and protect us! Now, Sinjie, do be careful and don't get into a fight!"

"Stay with them," said St. John. "I'll be perfectly safe, auntie." The door closed behind him.

"I suppose it is at the magazine," said Aunt Anabel. "I heard Sinjie say that Dunmore had had the locks removed from the guns there and might try to take the powder next. That leaves us helpless if the slaves should rise."

"The slaves!" Dorothea glanced over her shoulder with apprehension. "I didn't know—I thought it was only the Indians—"

"Now, don't be nervous of our people, child. Joshua and the three girls would lay down their lives for us. But there are always renegade slaves hanging round the edge of town, and sometimes the wild Negroes escape. Sinjie says they'll never give any trouble unless they're egged on by some one, but the surest way to encourage such a thing is to take away our ammunition."

ST. JOHN returned at last, calm, but pale with excitement. The governor's marines from the man-o'-war Fowey at Yorktown had waited till the guard was relaxed at the magazine and had then attempted to remove the powder under cover of darkness. They had been discovered, but the powder was already gone. Drums had been sent out to raise the companies, and a crowd had gathered in front of the palace. The governor refused to admit any one and had armed his servants. Peyton Randolph had ridden up to the green and almost singlehanded prevented an outright attack on the palace and seizure of the governor's person. Thanks to him, the crowd was dispersing now, but was still in an ugly mood. Tomorrow a formal demand for the return of the powder would be made.

"It looks bad," said St. John, and his eyes met Julian's. "Dunmore has taken the bit in his teeth. If this is war, what are you going to do?"

"Why, I suppose I shall go on teaching school," said Julian slowly.

"You've decided not to go home, then."

"I can't go home yet. Apart from my obligation to the school, I have set aside the money for Tibby's fee at Mrs. Hallam's, and I can't buy passage with what's left."

"I'll lend you the passage money," said St. John, watching him, "if you really want to go while you can."

Julian looked round slowly at the three of them in the candlelight—St. John's brilliant unwavering gaze and vital fencer's body; Aunt Anabel's china-blue eyes full of tears; the girl Dorothea, leaning forward in her chair, her flower face lifted up to help her nearsighted eyes to see him across the room, her red lips parted—all awaiting his answer as though it mattered greatly to them. Gratitude closed his throat and choked him. His gaze came back to St. John.

"Thank you," he said. "But I must stay the term out. And besides, it wouldn't be fair to Tibby."

The situation grows worse daily [Julian wrote in his journal early in May] and now the first shot every one has been waiting for has been fired, at Lexington in Massachusetts.

Beside events in New England our own alarums and excursions seem rather pale, but there is a feeling that certain disaster here is only hanging fire, and that Virginia is all blown to pieces by gunpowder which never exploded. The town authorities demanded the return of the powder or its equivalent in cash. Governor Dunmore swore that if any violence were offered to him or to his men he would free the slaves and lay the town in ashes.

Patrick Henry, who was at his home in Hanover County on the night of April twentieth, immediately began a march on Williamsburg with one hundred and fifty men, to demand restitution by force, and it was only by the utmost exertions of such levelheaded men as Peyton Randolph that an armed clash was averted.

On the fourth of May a bill of exchange for the value of the powder was presented to Henry at his camp near Doncastle's Ordinary on Williamsburg Neck north of the town, and thus was narrowly averted what could only have ended in a battle in the streets. . . .

Since Lexington a great many people, including myself, find themselves in a dilemma. One's impulse is to fight to the death for the rights and beliefs of these sturdy, clear-thinking people, English like oneself—but at the same time one would die twice over rather than forswear allegiance to the King. As a consequence, one does neither, which looks like weakling indecision and gives rise to misunderstanding. I have given Mr. Wythe notice that he must try to find another schoolmaster for the next term, and as soon as I can complete Tibby's arrangements I must take passage home, before my position here becomes intolerable.

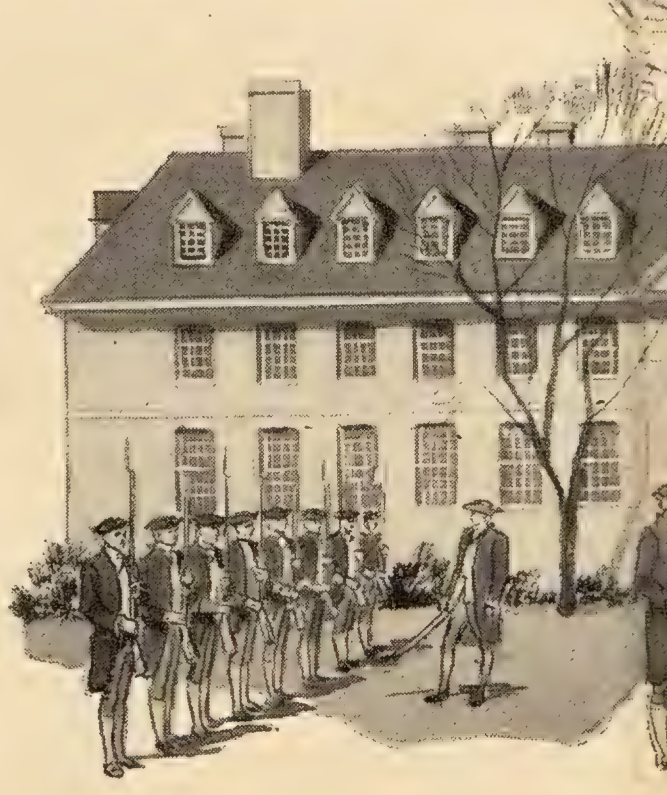
ON the first of June Governor Dunmore summoned the Burgesses to a special session to hear him read what he termed Lord North's conciliatory proposition, which had just arrived via Boston—too late by many months. Peyton Randolph and Jefferson returned from the Second Congress in Philadelphia to attend the meeting, and Jefferson prepared the reply, which was in effect no, and resumed his seat in Congress.

North's offer had accompanied no fewer than three British generals into Boston harbor. Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton found the British army shut up in the town, living on salt rations, with a large motley body of militia encamped around the edges. The reinforcements they had brought with them raised the British strength in America to 10,000 men. It was not enough. And it could not get out of Boston.

A force of riflemen in hunting shirts was mustering at Williamsburg, and they carried their arms ostentatiously when they went to stand in scowling, unfriendly knots on the green, looking up at the windows of the palace and daring the governor to show himself. Dunmore finally fled to Yorktown, and took refuge on board the flagship, leaving the palace closed and deserted. The King no longer ruled Virginia, and the capital was more orderly after the flight of his representative than before.

It was gayer, too. Regina went ahead with her plans for a ball, for which she had persuaded her father to take the Apollo Room at the Raleigh. It amounted to a debut for Dorothea, and Julian was to be her escort. St. John, of course, belonged to Regina, and some people even whispered that there might be an announcement of the betrothal before the evening was out.

It was an exquisite night in an exquisite Virginia June. The tavern blazed with candles, and there was a steady procession of coaches from which beautiful women in filmy fabrics and men in light silks and satins emerged like butterflies. The windows were open in the ballroom, and the humbler Williamsburg citizens stood in the street around the entrance to hear the music and see the quality go in.



Kit and Tibby were among them; but Julian, absorbed in seeing that Dorothea's and Aunt Anabel's small satin-shod feet found the coach step as he handed them down, did not see them.

"Perhaps if we sneak round to the back," Tibby whispered, "we could find a window where we could watch the dancing."

Julian's pulse was quick as he stepped out onto the waxed floor with Dorothea for the first minuet. There would come a figure in the dance where his hand would touch Regina's and her eyes would rest on him, mysterious and smiling, with the glint of challenge to which all his manhood awakened. He was very new to this first flurry of love which had him in thrall, and very uncertain how to deal with it. He knew it was madness, but he could not seem to care. At least, not yet.

As for Regina, Julian was something new in her experience—a man without the London sophistication or the rather high-handed colonial masculinity—or St. John's fond, resilient impudence, which was neither, and had already captured her own imperious spirit.

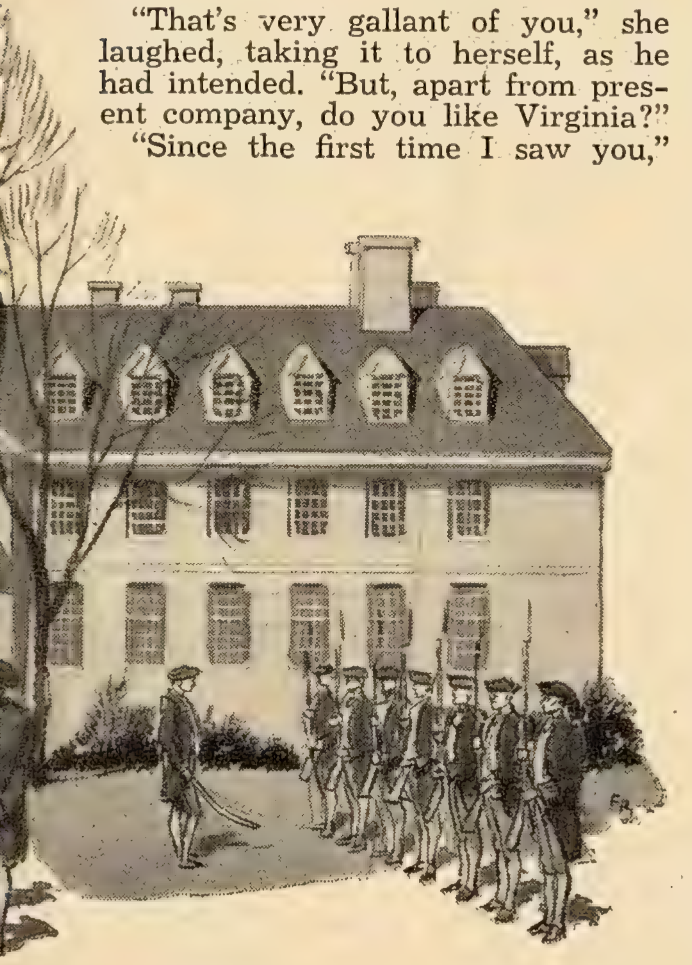
It was very warm in the crowded ballroom under the candles, and midnight found her pacing the bowling green behind the Raleigh, her hand on Julian's sleeve, her fan moving lazily in the still air.

"What a lovely night!" she murmured. "I missed our Virginia moons in London. Are you ever homesick?"

"Not any more," he said, looking down at her.

"That's very gallant of you," she laughed, taking it to herself, as he had intended. "But, apart from present company, do you like Virginia?"

"Since the first time I saw you," he said solemnly, "it has been impossible for me to think—apart from present company." And he gave her his slow smile. "You are very like Virginia yourself—gentle, blooming, kind—"



She sighed. "If only Virginia stays that way! If only the people like Tom Jefferson don't talk us into war! Mr. Day—you *are* on the King's side?"

"Yes—I'm afraid I am."

"I'm glad. Why should you regret it?"

"Because most of my friends think otherwise. It makes things awkward sometimes. Take St. John, for instance."

"St. John and I don't agree," she said. "To hear him, you'd think the King was some kind of monster!"

"I think the Ministers have handled things badly," Julian conceded.

"They've done the only thing they could do! Massachusetts doesn't seem to understand anything but force!"

"Perhaps if they hadn't been antagonized at the beginning—"

"Well, really, Mr. Day, do you *sympathize* with Boston?"

"N-no. I think they're wrong, of course. But, at the same time, I don't think much of Governor Dunmore's attitude here, do you?"

She withdrew her hand from his arm. "I thought you were loyal to the King, as I am."

"And I am. But I still say that Dunmore has been—tactless. That's not heresy; that's only common sense. But must we talk politics under the moon?" He replaced her hand on his sleeve. "You're much too beautiful to argue with—too beautiful, in fact, for anything but dreaming of. Which I have done, very persistently, since the day I first saw you."

Regina gave him a pleased and radiant smile. "You know, for a scholar you turn a very pretty compliment, Mr. Day!"

"Thank you. You are the first to say so. But then, you are the first to set me dreaming. My name, by the way, is Julian."

"Yes, I know. I was waiting for permission."

"Never wait for whatever you want from me," he said gravely. "It is already yours." And he added after a moment, with a long look down at her in the moonlight—"Even my name."

Before she could reply, St. John's voice spoke just behind them: "So it's *you*, Julian! I was about getting ready to call somebody out! This is our dance, Regina—the last before supper."

"Julian has just been telling me I have no common sense," she remarked as she accepted St. John's arm.

"Nothing of the kind!" Julian gasped. "I only said that the governor could have handled a delicate situation better than he did, and I—"

"Oh, that!" said St. John, with a shrug. "When will you learn, Regina, not to mix politics with pleasure? Besides, you've been away in London too long to know what you're talking about out here."

"You needn't rap my knuckles before people, St. John," she told him coldly. "After all, we're not married yet!"

"Julian isn't people, goose; he's one of the family!" St. John laughed. "Are you going to dance with me before supper?"

They moved away together, both of them very handsome in the cool white light.

JULIAN stood and watched them go with desolation in his heart. Then, sighing, he started back alone across the turf, and paused in the shadows beside where a square of light lay yellow on the ground outside a window of the ballroom. In the light, as on a stage, two small figures moved gravely—Kit and Tibby, performing with childish grace the steps of the minuet he had taught her, to the music from within.

When exactly the right time came, Julian quickly stepped out behind them and, with one hand on Kit's shoulder to move him aside and the other taking Tibby's fingers from her brother's, he finished the measure in Kit's place; and his bow at the end was as deep and formal as any he had made to Regina that evening.

Tibby rose from her curtsy with shining eyes, and Kit said, "There, Tibby, you got your wish! You wished on the star that you could dance with Mr. Day at a ball, and you've done it!"

"Reckon it's about as near as I'll ever come to it," she said philosophically, and backed away into the shadows as though suddenly shy. "Come on, Kit. Mother will wonder where we are. Good night, sir—and thank you very much."

ON a glorious hot morning in June Julian borrowed a horse from St. John's stables, and, with Tibby and Kit riding Crow's-meat, they took the road which led away to the left of the college. They were bound for a picnic among the ruins of the Jamestown settlement, which Julian had long wanted to visit to get a firsthand impression for his history.

Tibby sang as they rode, for her heart was high. She had got the schoolmaster to herself for a whole day. Kit, her shadow, hardly counted as a third person. For Tibby it was always fair weather in Julian's company, and they had brought along a meal of bread and cheese and gingerbread and cherries.

They rode through the dense pine forest where the air was cool and fragrant, emerged into a reedy marsh, and splashed across the ford to Jamestown Island.

The streets of the burned-out town were a jungle of weeds and rank tobacco, cat brier, and vines. The charred remains of the Ambler house stood out, and the river had eaten away its banks till it washed the weed-grown land where the other houses once had stood. Old sycamores shaded the broken church. They dismounted there and walked around among the tipsy tombstones, and Julian told the twins something of the founding of the settlement.

Tibby was especially interested in the bride ship. It caught her imagination that a girl should sail across the ocean to marry some man she had never seen and live in a wilderness. "But suppose one of them hadn't seen *any*body that she liked," she objected once, and Julian replied that one must of course assume that in that case she was permitted to live and die a spinster. "I wonder if one of them did," said Tibby, whose ideas about the sort of person one married were lately in very concrete form.

About noon they sat down in the grass above the pebbly shore, Julian with his back against a tree trunk and his notes on his knee, and Tibby opened the packet of food and spread it with housewifely care on a white napkin.

After lunch Kit fell asleep with his hat over his face. Tibby lay on her back in the grass beside Julian, her lips stained with cherries, her brown arms locked behind her head, staring up at the leafy branches above her. The river murmured with the rising tide. Julian's mind was sorting out his new chapter now, and she respected his silent preoccupation, content merely to be within reach of his hand.

At last he looked down at her and smiled. "Well, mousie," he said affectionately, "what were you thinking about?"

"I was wishing this day would never end."

"Yes, it's a good day," he agreed, and looked about him gratefully. "A day of peace and plenty. That's worth having in these times. One doesn't like it to end." His eyes came back to her. "What have you learned lately? Isn't it about time I heard a new one?"

"Well, I found a piece in Matthew yesterday that I liked the sound of."

"What was that?" Her choice of pieces always amused him.

" 'Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in—' "

Julian's hand came down hard on her shoulder. "Stop it, Tibby—stop it! Who told you I was going back to England?"

"Nobody told me such a thing. It's not true!"

"I'm afraid it is. I thought you had chosen that text to shame me. I know you have all been good to me here, and I owe Virginia a debt I can never repay. Since I can't repay it by joining in her fight against what she feels is tyranny, I have no choice but to leave."

"When?" asked Tibby, very still.

"As soon as I can arrange for your examination, when Mr. Jefferson comes back from the Congress. Then you can start the Epiphany term at Mrs. Hallam's. Tibby—are you crying?"

She had turned on her side away from him, her face hidden. Her shoulder quivered under his hand.

"Tibby!" He bent above her, leaning on his elbow in the grass. "You mustn't cry like that—you'll be happy at Mrs. Hallam's—Tibby, don't do that! You'll be ill—"

He gathered her into his lap and sat with his back against the tree and his arms around her, trying to laugh away her tears, trying to soothe her. Her grief was silent and unchildlike and frightening. Her body was tense and trembling in his hold.

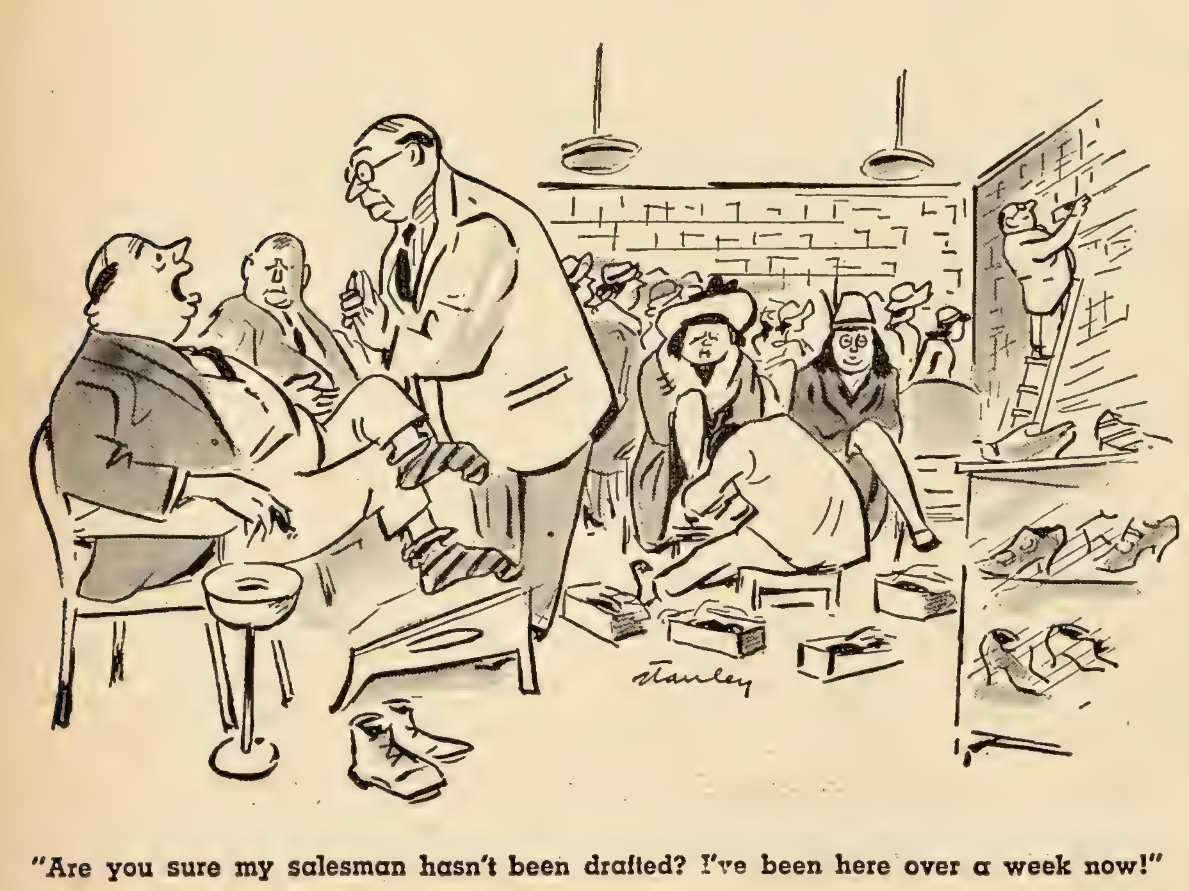
She had to know sometime, he thought helplessly, but he had meant to break it to her gradually. Her uncanny prescience had tripped him up. Moreover, he was guiltily aware in his conscience that he had not told her the whole of his decision to go home. For the thought of Regina had become a fever in his blood, and the desire to see her again, to see her often, had destroyed his slumber and his peace of mind. He carried in an inner pocket her written invitation to visit the plantation up the river when the Spragues went later in the summer—when all day long, day after day, he could eat the lotus of her presence and involve himself always more hopelessly in his madness. And there were two reasons why this must not be. One was that he had nothing to offer her along with the marriage he foolishly dreamed of. The other was St. John Sprague, who had loved her first.

Julian was a Tory, yes. But he was leaving Virginia because he did not dare to see Regina again.

"Tibby," he heard himself saying to the stricken child in his arms—"Tibby, don't! I can't bear it. I'll stay. I promise, Tibby. I'll stay in Virginia till I grow a long white beard. *Now* will you stop crying?"

Her arm went up around his neck. She curled herself closer against him, and relaxed with a long sigh, exhausted and content. He sat while the shadows lengthened, holding her and wondering. War or no war, Tory or Patriot, heartbreak or not, he was a Virginian now.

Tibby stirred in his arms at last and sat up. Her eyelids were heavy, her cheeks streaked with tears, but she smiled confidingly into his face.



"Are you sure my salesman hasn't been drafted? I've been here over a week now!"

"You gave me *such* a fright," she said without reproach. "Were you joking all the time?"

"No. It wasn't a joke," he said, thinking how young she was, how unconscious of power, to turn a man's whole destiny on a summer afternoon.

"But you've changed your mind," she insisted, and he nodded. "Not just because I cried," insisted Tibby, for it couldn't possibly have been just that.

"Well, you see," said Julian slowly, his eyes on the small vivid face, "nobody cried when I left England."

It was an explanation which had to satisfy himself as well as Tibby.

They rode homeward through the lengthening shadows. At the edge of the town they passed a farm lad driving in some cows.

"Have ye heard the news?" he hailed them excitedly, and Julian drew rein. "There's been a bloody great battle at a place called Bunker's Hill!"

ON the same day that Jefferson returned from Williamsburg to Philadelphia, Washington had received his commission from Congress as commander in chief of the Continental forces and set out for Cambridge.

With the appointment of a Southern general it was no longer just New England's war, and troops from Virginia and Maryland began to assemble. Volunteers were pouring into the recruiting camp behind the college at Williamsburg, where Patrick Henry, with a new colonelcy, made the grave social error of being seen among his men with his coat off.

Jefferson was at Richmond for the Virginia Convention in July and August; and though he had illness and sorrow at Monticello, he agreed good-naturedly to be present at Tibby Mawes' examination, along with St. John Sprague, Peyton and Edmund Randolph, George Mason, George Wythe, and a professor from the divinity school at the college.

Pleading much to do in preparation and little time, Julian had persuaded the Spragues to make the visit to the Greensleeves plantation without him, though Dorothea promised she would never in the world forgive him and said that Regina was sure to be furious. Regina, having discovered a young Marylander of strong Loyalist sentiments which matched her own, bore up very well; but Dorothea found him tiresome and nagged St. John into returning to Williamsburg two days before their time. Once there, she found it impossible to maintain any sort of grudge against Julian after all, and excused it by saying that she admired a sense of duty in a man and found Julian's preoccupation with Tibby's welfare very touching.

She was as pleased as her brother, and almost as pleased as Julian himself, at the outcome of the examination which opened the doors of Mrs. Hallam's school to Tibby. The girl had passed with flying colors, answering the questions put to her with such fluency and poise that Jefferson had remarked, "I'm beginning to doubt that Mrs. Hallam's is going to meet her requirements."

GOVERNOR DUNMORE had sent his family home to England at the end of June, and when autumn came he was established at a naval base at Portsmouth in Virginia, pillaging and burning and harrying along the coast with a flotilla of small boats. His force of marines and sailors was augmented by a rabble of renegade slaves and servants and a few fanatical Tories. The King could hardly have found a man better fitted to ruin his cause in Virginia.

Therefore, when business took St. John to Charleston, Aunt Anabel insisted that she was nervous without a man in the house, and that Julian must stay in Francis Street to protect them, with Dunmore behaving the way he was. St. John laughed at her sympathetically, but made Julian promise not to leave them alone in the house at night.

Many families were moving out of the coastal towns of Norfolk and Hampton and even Williamsburg for what they considered greater safety in their upriver houses. But Mr. Greensleeves declared he was tired of false alarms, and brought his family back to Williamsburg for the winter. Regina's outspoken Loyalist tendencies caused her father much embarrassment. They would have made any one but a woman, and a beautiful one, very unpopular, but most of Williamsburg, who had known her all her willful life, smiled at them as part of her English affectations which she would grow out of in time, along with saying "eye-ther" in the German fashion.

They formed an intimate bond between herself and the more noncommittal Julian, which he found perilous and sometimes a little uncomfortable, for she rather threw it in St. John's face that she and Julian thought alike, whereas he, as a Patriot, was quite beyond the pale.

As the autumn went on, the constant mustering and drilling of troops on the parade ground behind the college filled Williamsburg's wide streets with rough characters, and the noise of their practice firing at a target became a trial to the once quiet town. Julian began to take his guardianship of St. John's womenfolk more seriously.

St. John on his return endeavored to make Julian's residence at Francis Street permanent.

"Mr. Wythe is all taken up with the Congress now and I'm likely to be out of town a good deal," he said. "They need some one to fuss over. Women get bored shut up together. What's your objection, Julian, to calling this house your home from now on?"

Julian hesitated. "How will your friends feel about it," he inquired, "if you house a Tory? Feeling is rising everywhere. You might come to find me—embarrassing."

"You've a right to your own opinions. I'll wager half my friends don't know how you feel anyway, so far as that goes. And while you are under my roof it's not their place to ask."

Julian gave him a straight look. "You're doing it for my own protection, then," he said quietly.

"Nothing of the kind!" St. John denied it with heat. "Damn it, man, I happen to like you, whatever your politics are! Aunt Anabel likes you. Dorothea likes you. You're one of us. If you leave now, it will feel like a funeral in the house. Besides, that room over the school isn't fit for a dog to live in. Too much heat in summer and not enough in winter. Don't be a pigheaded ass, Julian."

That seemed to settle it.

Julian paid Tibby's fee at the beginning of the autumn term with feelings which he supposed approached the paternal, and laid out more money on a new dress and hat and shoes. Her utter lack of a sense of inferiority or self-consciousness, all buried under her eagerness to learn, at once endeared her to Mrs. Hallam, and when Regina's little sister Lucinda, obeying orders from Regina, took Tibby under her wing, the other girls accepted her without snobbery.

## BEST RECIPE YET

Cooking, they said, is simple;
Any one can learn.
But they forget to tell me
That things are apt to burn.
And they forget to tell me
Meat gets dry if cooked too long,
And coffee has a bitter taste
If it is made too strong.
Yes, cooking's very simple,
But of this there is no doubt:
If *I'm* to be the cook, I know
It's simpler to eat out.

—*LYNN GOODWIN.*

On an evening in December Aunt Anabel's Jerusha tapped on the door of the back sitting room, which was Julian's now, and put her head in.

"Mr. Day, suh—that Tibby is here. Says can she see you about somethin' important?"

"Certainly. Let her come in." Julian laid down his pen.

Tibby's eyes were enormous and shining above her curtsy, and she obviously held to her courage with both hands. She had come, she explained, to ask him to do her a favor, if he wasn't too busy. Julian leaned back in his chair and drew her to him with an arm around her waist and suggested that she tell him all about it.

At Christmas time, said Tibby, at Mrs. Hallam's school there were exercises, and everybody's parents came and there was a collation after the program. This year the dancing master had arranged to bring his pupils from a boys' school in for the evening, and they would all do a minuet, with an orchestra to play for them. Lucinda Greensleeves was going to play a solo on the harpsichord, and another girl was going to sing, and some of the little ones were going to recite. Julian at once inquired what she herself was going to do, and Tibby wilted within the circle of his arm. They had asked her to be in the minuet, she confessed, but it meant a fancy dress which she hadn't got, and so—

"And so we must buy a new dress; is that it?"

"N-no, sir. I told them I couldn't do it."

"Oh, nonsense, Tibby. We can run to another dress for Christmas."

"Thank you, sir, but that wasn't what I came about. There is something I'd rather have than the dress, if it isn't too much trouble."

"Well, say what it is, monkey; I'm not a mind reader!"

"Please, sir—the other girls have all got families to sit in the gold chairs and look on. Would you come—just for a little while—as though you were my family?"

Julian was touched. "Well, but, Tibby, surely your mother—"

"No; mother can't come there. She's right not to come, don't you see? Mrs. Greensleeves will be there, and—people like that. They might not understand. But you, sir—every one would be pleased if you came, being a man and all, and—"

"Well, if you think I won't be cast out for not being a bona fide parent, I'll come, and gladly," he said at once, and Tibby gazed at him in delight.

"Look here. How would you like to invite the rest of them?" he said. "Mr. Sprague's Aunt Anabel doesn't like Mrs. Greensleeves to get ahead of her, you know. Then you'd have a real family, and we'll all go in the coach in style." Tibby was speechless. He rose. "Let's go and ask them now," he said, and led the way to the drawing room.

AUNT ANABEL was knitting by the fire. St. John sat near her in a fragrant cloud of tobacco smoke, and read a book. Dorothea was at the harpsichord, playing softly.

Julian explained about the exercises and that they were all invited as Tibby's guests, and they all accepted enthusiastically. Then—

"What about her clothes?" inquired Aunt Anabel, who thought of everything. "She'll want a new dress, Julian."

"Yes, I was coming to that," he began, but Aunt Anabel was in charge now. The dress was her gift, her Christmas gift to Tibby, and it would be made by her own dressmaker, and

(*Continued on page 55*)

# OLD MAN IN A HURRY

**Edward G. Budd, merchant of speed, lives in the future, waiting impatiently for the rest of the world to catch up**

### BY J. D. RATCLIFF

Edward G. Budd, active seventy-one-year-old president of the E. G. Budd Company.

Mr. Budd, General Charles T. Harris, Assistant Chief of Ordnance, and John Biggers, OPM production director, examine some fragmentation shells made at the Budd plant.

EDWARD G. BUDD of Philadelphia is an old gentleman in a hurry. He's been in a hurry all his life and he's done something emphatic about it. He has done more to revolutionize transportation than any man alive. As a merchant of speed he built the first all-steel auto bodies, which made fast motoring reasonably safe. He pioneered with streamlined trains which smashed rail records. At seventy-one he might be thinking wistfully of a bench in the Florida sun. Instead, he is putting on more steam for war production. He is at work right now on a stainless-steel airplane that looks very much like the airplane of the future—and he's making plans for a new America after the war.

His background is like that of other members of the dwindling band of pioneer industrialists. He was born in a small town—Smyrna, Delaware. His formal education ended with high school. He got a job in a local machine shop; then moved to Philadelphia for a better job in another shop which made frames for railroad car seats. While he was on that job Budd designed and built a better seat—then he got bored with the whole business.

When the first automobiles came along, carriage makers built the bodies. They weren't much good. Engine heat warped the panels and constant bouncing over rough roads always threw the doors out of kilter. Automobile makers compromised by nailing metal panels over a wooden skeleton. But Budd wasn't the compromising type.

He saw that better roads would mean faster cars and that wooden bodies wouldn't be safe. He knew people would soon be buying cars by the million and that they couldn't be mass-produced by cabinetmaker methods. Steel was the answer. He tried to tell his story to his employers, but they weren't interested—so he walked out.

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES

Budd had accumulated $70,000. He used it all to start the Edward G. Budd Mfg. Co., in June, 1912. He rented a small shop, but most of his funds went for a giant press to stamp metal parts. When the press proved to be too large for the plant, Budd bought a circus tent to house it.

A few customers bought steel truck bodies, but the passenger-car men were apathetic until 1915. Then John and Horace Dodge, who were metalworkers, decided to adopt them.

The rest of the industry hung back, even into the early '20s. They had tremendous investments in woodworking shops. Some even owned their own forests and sawmills. Budd wrangled with them endlessly. Then he turned to showmanship. He put an elephant on top of a steel sedan body and dared wooden-body makers to try the same trick.

He rolled cars with wooden bodies off cliffs, and beamed when they ended up as kindling wood at the bottom. Then he'd roll a steel body over and have the stunt man at the wheel drive the car away at the bottom. In the end Budd sold millions of steel bodies to almost every manufacturer.

Budd has the moral rigidity of a Biblical prophet. He doesn't drink or smoke and his language would pass in any pulpit. As a rule he is quiet, courtly, formal. But on a moment's notice he becomes the terrible-tempered Mr. Bang. He will fire a man on the spot for carelessness that might have resulted in injury. Next day he may hire him back.

He is considerate in small things. He badgers the employment office to

F. E. Williamson, president of the New York Central Railroad, and Edward Budd inspect the keel of the first of the thirty-two streamlined cars ordered by the railroad.

provide comfortable seats for men seeking work. If he hears of a worker having marital difficulties he sends a plant nurse to try and patch things up. This isn't meddling; it's honest concern.

In the days when automobiles were still a novelty he would turn his car over to stenographers for noonday drives. Yet he wouldn't hesitate to fire one of the girls if he caught her smoking.

Budd isn't an easy man to work with. He telephones his executives at any hour of the day or night, even when he is on vacation. "Thank God," sighs one executive, "he has no telephone in his church pew."

Despite these high-pressure attributes, Mr. Budd seems a little old-fashioned in a world run by a suave manager class. Right is rigidly right, and wrong is unequivocally wrong. There is no middle ground. When the Detroit banks closed during the depression, Mr. Budd decreed: "Men should be paid in honest coin for honest work." He directed that money to meet pay rolls be shipped from Philadelphia. That, he thought, was the *right* thing to do.

Budd is deeply religious. His brother was a minister and he himself has been a kind of missionary. With religious zeal he crusaded for steel wheels for automobiles. Detroit sniffed. Budd put the wheels on a car built for General Pershing's use in France. The industry finally softened when he came along with a line of steel wheels built to look like wood. Today all wheels are made of steel. He conducted a similar crusade for four-wheel brakes.

He outlines his hiring policy: "When we want a machinist, we want a good machinist—but he must be a man of superior character." That might define Mr. Budd himself. He is primarily a shop man, and a good one. He loves his noisy, grimy plant as other men love their Irish hunters and Rembrandts.

He can't stay away from it. He shows up at any and all hours. At 3 A. M. he will pop in to superintend the installation of a new machine. On Sunday morning he will show up, fresh from church, in a top hat and morning coat and maybe take a turn at operating a press.

He has no hobbies outside his business. The shop is an all-consuming interest. A number of years ago he was being hurried to a London hospital for an emergency operation. He tapped the ambulance roof. "Steel," he said. "We ought to have a safe ride." At home Budd lives in a modest house in suburban Germantown, a striking contrast to the flamboyant homes of Detroit millionaires.

His enthusiasms are notorious. They always deal with something new—never the accepted or the traditional. Years ago, while traveling in Europe, he got excited over stainless steel. In 1910 a British scientist had discovered that by alloying chromium and steel he got a rustless metal. Then, during the first World War, a Krupp metallurgist had improved on it by adding nickel. This was superb stuff, stronger than ordinary steel. A versatile material, it was being used to make paring knives, nail scissors, and such. Rolled into sheets, it was used to decorate store fronts.

To Budd this was sacrilege. Here was a metal with magnificent structural properties. And what was it being used for? Gadgets. It should be used where lightness and strength were supreme considerations. At first he thought of airplanes. But there was a catch.

A metal is only as good as man's ability to fasten it to other pieces of metal. Stainless steel wouldn't weld satisfactorily. It was weakened by intense heat.

Budd called his engineers and research men together. "We are going to whip this thing," he said. "Maybe if we shoot a *measured* amount of electricity through two sheets of stainless it will fuse them together—doing the job so quickly that the steel won't be harmed." Shot welding—a Budd patented process—was the result. In as little as a thirtieth of a second a bolt of artificial lightning stitches two pieces of stainless steel together. This job completed, Budd was ready for his airplane.

The small experimental plane was excellent: strong and lasting. It flew all over this country and Europe. Today it sits in front of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, unmarred by years of snow, sleet, and rain. There was only one thing wrong with it: it was built twelve years before its time.

When no one was interested, Mr. Budd hurried on to something else. By this time the country was in the financial miseries. Industry was retrenching and men were out of work. After a few months Budd became impatient with the depression. It bored him. He was ready for something new—a stainless-steel train.

The Fleetwing Sea Bird, first stainless steel plane built for commercial purposes.

He had very special ideas about what a train should be, ideas which didn't jibe with those held by railroad men. First off, the train Budd visualized would be light. Why waste fuel hauling hundreds of tons of useless weight? Next, it would be fast. And finally, it would be beautiful. People hired architects and decorators for houses costing $20,000; why not hire them for trains costing a million?

Mr. Budd's bankers got the financial shudders when he started talking streamlined trains. Better wait until the depression was over, they said. Why, this thing might cost several million dollars! Budd didn't budge. "Stainless steel is the metal of the future," he said. "No one in this room can stop me from experimenting with it." He went ahead.

Railroad men complained that Budd's "baby buggy" was too light for safety. He said his cars were stronger and safer than any ever built, and built a car crusher—a $300,000 machine which produced railroad wrecks to order—and proved his point.

Next, the railroad men complained about the size car he proposed. Standard coaches seated eighty people. Budd's, by providing more room and extra comforts, seated only sixty. This, said the railroad men, would be ruinous. What was the average occupancy of the eighty-seat cars? Budd asked. It turned out to be twelve people!

Eventually the Burlington road ordered a train from Budd, the Pioneer Zephyr. Here was something new in railroading, the greatest advance since the invention of the sleeping car. Budd doted on his train. He took the controls, ran it himself, as happy as a man with a son who has turned out well. On a trial run it made 109 miles an hour. More than two million people turned out to see it when it went on a tour of the country. Hollywood even made a movie about it.

Orders began to flow in from other railroads. A contract for building one of these trains carried a penalty clause of $1,000 a day if the train weren't finished in ninety days. Company executives were horrified. But Budd was delighted. He thrives on pressure. Most of his employees allow ten minutes to drive from the plant to the North Philadelphia station. Budd allows five. "They put the handrails on the last car for him," a friend explains, "so he can swing aboard as the train is pulling out."

As soon as the streamliners proved themselves, Budd hurried on to other things. He looked for new applications for stainless steel. Trailers caught his eye, particularly trailers used to haul freight. Here was a place to save weight, to save money.

Budd engineers demonstrated that each pound of needless weight cost truckers a dollar a year in added fuel and tire costs. So they set out to shave off all this dollar-eating fat. The stainless trailers they produced saved enough weight to pay for themselves in eighteen months.

These trailers are no longer available because of wartime needs for stainless steel. But the prevailing price for a second-hand one is about 10 per cent above the cost now.

When war came along Mr. Budd dusted off an old project: a stainless-steel plane. He stated the case frankly.

Fighting planes made of stainless steel made no sense. Models changed too quickly and the life of a fighter was too short. So there was no point in building permanence into them. But cargo planes were another story. Here you needed a tough and lasting structural material.

Between them, the army and navy have ordered 1,000 cargo planes from Budd—nearly half a billion dollars' worth. Performance details are secret, but a few facts about these radical new ships are available. They are larger than the DC-3s used on most of the air lines. The belly of the plane drops down to make a ramp, up which trucks can drive to deposit cargo directly in the plane.

THE plant where all this activity takes place is on the outskirts of Philadelphia. To the casual eye—and ear—it is a madhouse. Giant shot-welding machines stitch a whole plane wing in one operation. Huge presses smash out stainless-steel sections which will be stacks for destroyers. There is a steady parade of bodies for army trucks. Everywhere there is the din of metal pounding metal.

Out of this apparent disorder the Budd company last year produced goods worth $84,000,000—trains, car bodies, wheels. Next year it will produce triple this amount, all war goods.

Meanwhile Mr. Budd sits in his office impatiently surveying a new world in the making. After the war, railroads will want new equipment. Over half the passenger cars now in use are more than twenty-five years old. Less than 6 per cent are under ten years old. Mr. Budd doesn't think present streamlined trains are the final answer. His engineers are already designing better ones—roomier, more beautiful.

He is also thinking of giant passenger planes made of stainless steel. Since these transoceanic giants will cost three to five million dollars each, they will have to be built to last. No operator can afford to scrap them in seven or eight years, nor afford the high maintenance costs imposed by the aluminum alloys. Corrosion is a tremendous item, particularly where planes are in contact with salt air. Stainless steel does away with this. It looks like the structural material for a *permanent* airplane.

Budd sees a thousand other uses for stainless steel. By saving weight in elevator cages, it can cut power costs. Two stainless-steel bridge roadways would weigh less than the prevailing single steel or concrete roadway, so why not double-deck our traffic-jammed bridges?

These are but a few of the things in the mind of this man who looks so misleadingly quiet and relaxed. Actually Budd's life is one long fidget, waiting for others to see what he sees ahead.

THE END

Just before taking off, a Whitley bomber's crew study their particular map of Dieppe.

# STAFF WORK—

## The men behind the men at the front win half the battle before a shot is fired

**THOUGH only twenty-two, David Scott-Malden has held the rank of R. A. F. wing commander since last March. A Londoner by birth, he was a student at King's College, Cambridge, when the war began in Europe. He has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order and Distinguished Flying Cross with bar.**

### BY DAVID SCOTT-MALDEN

### as told to Alan Hynd

EARLY in the afternoon of Tuesday, August 18, I got a telephone call to report immediately to the office of my group commander, an air marshal in London. He is one of the big guns of the office called Combined Operations. I felt in my bones that something big was up, and half an hour later my hunch was confirmed.

On the wall of the office was a plotted map, about three feet square, of a section of the French coast about seventy-five miles across the Channel from Beachy Head. Next to this map was a photographic mosaic of the same territory, exactly the same size and plotted in the same way. Most of the boys had for a long time been going on sweeps across the Channel, but several of us had never covered the territory plotted on the wall. We peered at its name: Dieppe.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES

After we had assembled in the air marshal's conference room, an aide came out and handed each of us operational orders from Combined Operations. Each wing commander got forty pages of single-spaced typewritten matter. As you can imagine, it took us almost an hour just to get a general idea of the operation. Similar orders were being passed out simultaneously to British Army and Royal Navy officers.

When you pick up your newspaper and read about a well executed attack by land, sea, and air, it makes a thrilling story. But you seldom read about the behind-the-scenes operations that made the attack the precision operation that it was. This is the "staff work," which has all the precision of a stop watch. Our men are thoroughly trained, well equipped, and valiant. But their skill and daring would be wasted unless brilliantly organized by painstaking staff work. In a big raid or a full-scale invasion, the staff plans take months to work out. They provide for each man's every action, every minute he is in action.

Our orders for the raid on Dieppe were explicit as to when we would go out, at what height we would fly, how long we would stay, and when we

Flash! The order comes, and R. A. F. pilots run to their planes.

would come back to our dromes. It was almost as if we had been actors reading our parts in a play; we knew precisely our relationship to the rest of the cast at any time during the performance. In the R. A. F. "script" that we received, the roles assigned the ground and sea forces were condensed. In the army "script," we learned later, the navy and the R. A. F. were played down, and in the navy "script" the army and the R. A. F. appeared to have supporting roles. That was military diplomacy.

In this drama Combined Operations was the director, stage-managing the production from the wings, prompting when necessary by secret means of assistance.

I was ordered by London to handle six squadrons instead of the usual three. My own wing—an American Eagle squadron, a British squadron, and a Norwegian squadron—were to be with me at the parent drome of my wing, and so was another British squadron. At a near-by drome a few minutes away by air were two more British squadrons that were to work with my wing.

My orders scheduled me for three flights over Dieppe. I was to take a full wing out at 6.20 in the morning. That would easily get me there about thirty minutes later, at 6.50 A. M. I was allowed —— minutes within an area designated by Combined Operations. During that time our wing was to take care of anything from 3,000 to 15,000 feet. Under no circumstances were we to leave that area. Above all, we were not to remain in it—fight or no fight—longer than the specified time, which was calculated to enable us to get back to our drome by the time the indicator of the petrol gauge was nearing Empty. A Spitfire is, of course, good for only a certain length of time in the air; if you get in a fight you use up your petrol faster, and your outside time is reduced.

Then I was to take my second full wing out at 10.30. On this second trip the Eagle Squadron was to be replaced by a British squadron. The Eagles were to leave on their second trip at 11.30, and I knew just where I would pass them coming back from my second trip. I was to get back to the drome at 12 noon and to be there all the rest of the afternoon and into the evening, directing flights from the ground. My third trip wasn't to start until eight in the evening. Then I was to go out with two thirds of a full wing—a Norwegian and a British squadron—and take a last look at things. None of the squadrons under my command was to escort any bombers. We were trouble shooters and nothing else.

Notified from Coastal Patrol Headquarters, a destroyer has come to rescue these men.

I had a talk with the boys in the four squadrons stationed at my drome, and with representatives of the two squadrons at the other field. I went over all the necessary details with them to eliminate any possibility of a mix-up once the show started. I got only two beefs, as you Americans would say. Both came from American boys in the Eagle Squadron—Barry Mahon, a small, dark California lad who was given to joking, and Jim Daley, a Texan who had risen to be a flight lieutenant, in charge of one third of a squadron. Daley had already received the Distinguished Flying Cross; a similar honor for Mahon was on its way.

"Why in the hell," asked Daley, "do we have to wait until 6.20 before we light out? It says there that the show starts in Dieppe at twenty past five!"

"Yes," said Mahon. "Who are the lucky stiffs who take off at 4.50 and see the beginning of things? What's the matter with us? Are we stepchildren or something?"

I just smiled and said that of course we couldn't question orders. But a wing commander enjoys getting beefs like those. Only real fighting men beef that way.

Now I went over a map of Dieppe with the squadron leaders and flight lieutenants. Each wing commander had received from the air marshal a plotted map of the area in which he and his men were to operate. The area was divided into squares which were numbered and lettered.

We all had a good dinner, and most of the boys went to bed early. I stayed up late, studying the operational orders.

BEFORE dawn next morning I could sense that we would have a fine bright day for the Dieppe show. Soon after dawn the first reports of the raid came to our drome. The ground forces were moving in under a naval bombardment and an R. A. F. umbrella. Everything was going pretty much according to the plan laid down by Combined Operations. But, to tell the truth, we weren't paying a lot of attention to the reports. There was too much to do in preparation for getting off at 6.20.

Of all the pilots who were to accompany me in the full wing, just three did any talking. You can probably guess who two of them were. Right: Mahon and Daley, the Americans. The hands of their wrist watches weren't moving fast enough for them. The third talker was a Norwegian, a flight leader of the Norwegian squadron. He couldn't wait to get at the enemy who had crushed his people.

We went out right on the dot and quickly got into three tiers. The Eagles were flying at 3,000, the Norwegians at 7,000, and I was upstairs at 15,000 with an English squadron. There atmospheric conditions prevented my seeing what was happening on the ground or in the Channel. But as we got over Dieppe, Daley shouted into his microphone:

"The most beautiful sight I've ever

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Parachute Bombs!
GOODNESS! BOMBS ON PARACHUTES!
YES, THE BOMB-FALL MUST BE DELAYED TO LET THESE LOW-FLYING PLANES GET CLEAR. IN THIS TEST, A SUPPLY LINE IS UNDER ATTACK
ISN'T THAT ASTONISHING? THE PLANE LIFTS WITHOUT BEING TURNED UP INTO THE WIND
THAT'S DUE TO THE ODD SHAPE AND POSITION OF THE WING. IT PERMITS OPERATION CLOSE TO THE ROLL OF THE GROUND!
NOTE THE MACHINE GUNS ON TOP, JUDGE. THAT SHIP IS AS WELL PROTECTED FROM TROUBLE AS PRINCE ALBERT IS FROM BITE
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
PRINCE ALBERT IS NO-BITE TREATED FOR MILDNESS
RICH TASTE COMES THROUGH EASY ON THE TONGUE!
THE P.A. CRIMP CUT PACKS EVENLY. DRAWS SMOOTH, EASY
THE A-20 CAN DROP A HUNDRED OF THOSE BOMBS IN A HUNDRED YARDS
THERE'S NO DOUBT AMERICAN INGENUITY IS GOING FAR TO SHORTEN THE WAR
SUPERIOR SKILL IS BOUND TO WIN. PRINCE ALBERT IS JUST ONE EXAMPLE. P.A. HAS TO BE WHAT PIPE-SMOKERS WANT TO OUTSELL ALL OTHER BRANDS
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A. FOR ROLL-YOUR-OWNS, TOO—REAL TASTE, REAL MILDNESS AND EASY, SMOOTH, FIRM ROLLING
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT

seen! Smoke and fires everywhere!"

"Is there anything down there that we should take care of?" I asked.

"Not a thing in sight—yet," he answered. "But we have hopes."

Then a message came through all our microphones. Planes of the Co-operation Command had just spotted some Focke-Wulfs in our area, and we were given the area in which the enemy planes had been seen, the height at which they were traveling, and the direction. Making some rapid mathematical calculations, I figured that the Focke-Wulfs should be about 8,000 feet below me, and would be running head-on into the Norwegians in a very short time. My calculations proved to be pretty accurate, for just about that time the talkative Norwegian shouted into his mike, "Come on up and come on down, the rest of you! There's going to be plenty of fun!"

"How many are there?" I asked.

"There must be about fifty."

"I'll be right up," came Daley's Texan voice. That was Daley all over. He was always first when there was a scrap shaping up.

Well, we went down and tangled for as long as our time would permit. We got a dozen of the Focke-Wulfs. I got hit by a little cannon ball that went right through the red-white-and-blue R. A. F. circular insignia on my ship, but I didn't know it until I felt an explosion behind the cockpit. It didn't seem to be fatal, and I figured I could get home. Our time was up anyway, so I gave the order to go back. A couple of our men were in trouble, so I told them by radio to stay over the line of our seacraft—it stretched for practically the entire seventy-five miles from Beachy Head to Dieppe—so that if any of the planes caught fire or if the boys had to take to the silk, they would be seen and rescued.

ON arrival at the drome, I found that three of our men had failed to return. One was an Englishman, an old friend of mine. The second was the talkative Norwegian. The third was Mahon, the Californian. Daley, the Texan, was crying.

"I saw him get it," he told me. "He didn't have a chance. And his Distinguished Flying Cross was on its way through, too."

That tip-off about the Focke-Wulfs was a triumph of Combined Operations co-ordination. If we hadn't got it, there is no telling what might have happened. Certainly we would have wound up with more than three casualties.

Certain details of the part that Combined Operations plays in such a raid cannot be disclosed, for military reasons. Suffice it to say that Combined Operations knows everything that is going on at all times—on land, in the air, and at sea. Keen-eyed and quick-witted gentlemen in London know at any given moment just how the ebb and flow of the battle is going. They know when aircraft are in trouble, and what steps to take. They know just what the relationship is between a specified ship, a specified plane, and a specified group of land soldiers. As the battle scene changes, plans are made in London accordingly and the proper instructions are given instantly.

On my second trip out that day we got into another fight. My wing lost three more men this time, but in exchange for them we got thirteen "sures" and several "probables." Daley was in his glory. It seemed to me that every time he said something into the radio he was just about to peel off and attack a Jerry.

WE got back to the drome right on schedule, and had a fine lunch from a mobile canteen. Combined Operations was letting the sector controllers know pretty much of the whole picture, and the sector controllers were passing the word along to the dromes. I learned that the losses on the ground had been very heavy but the important objective had been successfully accomplished.

Several pilots were forced to bail out over the Channel. Thanks to the communications system, only a few of them were lost. Spotters of the Coastal Patrol, hidden on the ground along the English coast, observed some of them and phoned in to Coastal Patrol Headquarters. From there the word was telephoned to Combined Operations, which ordered the nearest destroyer notified. The destroyer then sent a patrol boat. Sometimes planes from a wing other than that to which the bailing-out pilot belonged would flash in word of his plight, and a rescue would be effected. There were many instances of observer planes spotting both lurking enemy fighters and friendly fighters headed straight for what would have been sure disaster but for this warning.

I must confess I was a very proud young man at eight o'clock that night as I set out on my final patrol of the day in the "soup." I was proud not of myself but of the men of my wing. Those we had lost I would miss, and miss sorely. But I knew that had they drawn lots to see who must die, every one of them—particularly Mahon—would have tried to fix the game so that he, rather than one of his fellows, would get the fatal straw. That's the spirit of the R. A. F. and of the boys in it.

LET me give you a sample of it. At 9.30 P. M. I came in from my final patrol of that memorable day.

A bunch of us were going over to a pub to drink to those who were lost, and then try to forget about the war for a little while. Just as I was leaving I received a telephone call.

"I've had a bad time," said the voice. It was my talkative Norwegian!

"What happened?" I asked. "We were just going over to drink to your memory."

He said he was at a drome some miles distant. When his crippled ship had lagged as we returned, he had bailed out. "A motor torpedo boat got me when I was going under for the third time," he said. "Seems one of the Co-operation Command boys saw me and radioed in."

"That's great," I said. "Can you get transportation back here, or shall we send a ship over for you?"

He hesitated, sounded embarrassed. "I'd like to report in without further delay, but I'm afraid I can't. I've got to hunt up a hospital."

"You didn't say you were injured," I said. "You don't sound that way."

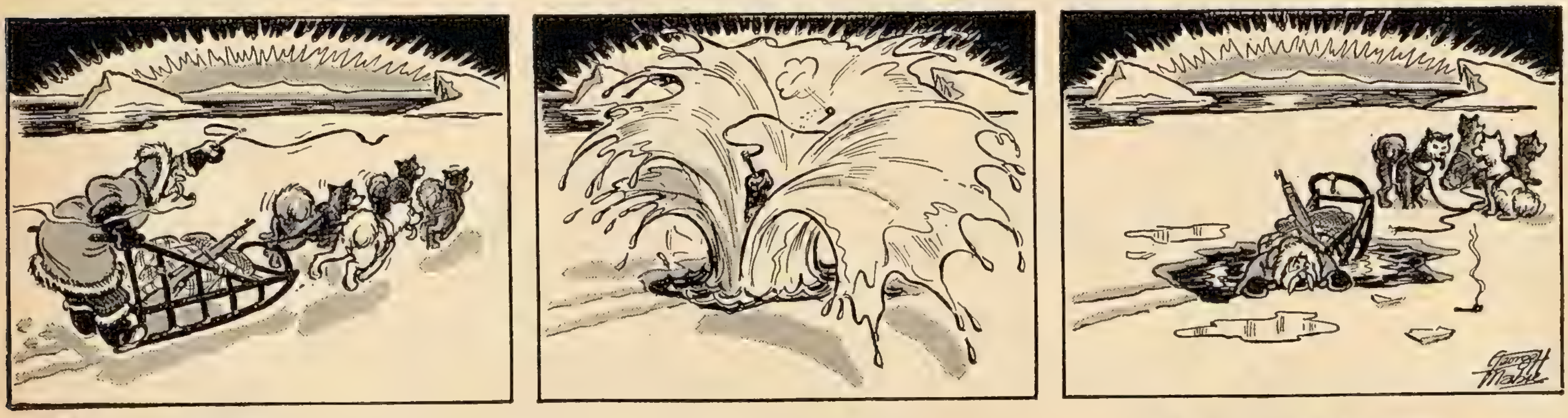
He began to laugh. "It really doesn't amount to much," he said, "but there's so much more fighting to be done in this war that a man has to take care of himself."

"Just what's wrong with you?" I asked.

Suddenly his voice sounded like that of a very sick man. "I've got a bullet in my leg," he said, "and one in my right wrist. And another one is somewhere in my neck. . . ."

You see what I mean, about the spirit?

THE END



"Mush! Mush! ! —

! — ! ! or woosh!

By gar, she WAS mush!"

# THIS MAN'S WAR

U. S. COAST GUARD OFFICIAL PHOTO

FIGHTING ANGELS

A keen-eyed officer on a Coast Guard "sub buster" manned by "Fighting Angels."

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WEREN'T you just a little lax in answering Private C. C.'s gum-beating letter in October 3 Lib-[illegible]ou did a fine job of telling him [illegible]d we extend congrats on that [illegible]e, but you failed to show the poor kid a way out of his troubles. We are now prepared to finish the job for you.

When we have troubles we let them ride until they are stacked way up to there. Then we pick out one little trouble from the stack and worry like hell about it. So we forget to worry about the others. Proof that this system will work is shown by the fact that for fourteen months we have been using it successfully to make us forget that for the same length of time we have been without wine, women, and song or any reasonable facsimiles thereof.

To say that we don't miss civilization would be untrue, but do we shed any tears upon the lonely sands of our Pacific postage-stamp island? *No! We do not!* We know that when Uncle Sam sees fit to bring us back home he'll do so. Until that time we are content to keep fighting so that civilization will be there when we do get back.

Meanwhile, we enclose a picture of *our* girl friends, entitled "Gooneys in the Groove."

*Two Dehomesicked Leathernecks, Sgt. H. G. Karr & Cpl. J. S. Swisher, Somewhere in the Pacific.*

If your system works, it's right, and I recommend it to all service men. But come, come—I'm prepared to believe you about the lack of women and wine, but not of song. Have the Marines lost their voices or forgotten their hymn?

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES

For thirteen long months I have been in the U. S. Coast Guard, and all that time I have been doing sentry duty on islands off the Atlantic coast. All of my buddies who have been in this length of time have seen action. I have not.

I volunteered to fight anywhere, but I have done nothing yet toward helping win this war.

Of course I am only one of millions of men under arms, but I'd do anything to get a crack at our foes on foreign shores *now.*

*M. F., S-1/c, U. S. C. G.*

Listen, sailor. If you weren't patrolling vital areas, some one else would have to. And forget that stuff about doing nothing to win the war. You're a cog in the Coast Guard machine, and that machine is doing one swell job along that line. How about that Guardsman who turned up the saboteurs on Long Island? He certainly helped to win the war—and he was doing sentry duty, as you are. Just the same, I know how you feel.

* * *

I came in the Army as a volunteer officer candidate. If I am not accepted for O. C. S., may I apply for a discharge and return to civilian life? In that case, will I then be able to enlist in the Navy, or will I, as a member of the Army Reserves, be prevented from so doing?

*Pvt. C. C. H., Fort Knox, Ky.*

If you are released from active service in the Army of the United States you will automatically be placed in the Enlisted Reserve Corps and will receive a certificate of service rather than a discharge. Which means that you are subject to call to active duty in the Army of the United States and hence are not eligible for enlistment in any other branch of the armed forces.

* * *

Will you kindly inform me why the government discourages letter-writing between service men and civilians through correspondence clubs?

*W. G. B., Lansing, Mich.*

I explained that once before, but I've had so many similar questions, as well as requests from readers to put them in touch with the men, that I'd better repeat. The War Department frowns upon the exchange of letters between soldiers and civilian *strangers* because the practice is liable to abuse by unscrupulous persons.

In other words, it is just possible that our enemies could and would make use of the correspondence-club idea to serve their own ends.

That's tough on the many loyal citizens who want only to help the boys by writing friendly letters, but you can see the logic of the official attitude and we can only accept it cheerfully.

* * *

Can you advise me where I can get a book or books containing information about officers' duties, salaries, promotions, rules and regulations, and Army etiquette?

*F. J. S., Amarillo, Tex.*

The Army has never prepared or disseminated such information for civilian consumption and I'd have to give you a long list of Army Regulations and manuals to cover all you want to know. Failing an official book, I can recommend two commercial books which contain most if not all of the desired data:

The Officer's Guide (Military Publishing Co., Harrisburg, Pa., $2.50).

The Army Officer's Manual (D. Appleton-Century Co., 35 West 32d Street, New York, N. Y., $2.50).

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This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

Frances shakes hands with a general while Colonna, Romano, and Hope wait their turn.

# MY TR

## I came, I saw, I was conquered—and I want to go back

### BY BOB HOPE as told to Joe Alvin

**[EDITOR'S NOTE: Bob Hope, Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, and Tony Romano flew 16,000 miles in September to entertain U. S. soldiers in Alaska and the Aleutians. They put in one tough week in Alaska, flying in treacherous weather and putting on shows almost twenty-four hours a day. They came back to the United States to open Hope's NBC broadcast series from Tacoma on September 22, and took off again the next morning for the Aleutians. Here is Bob Hope's own account of that trip.]**

BRING on Clifton Fadiman! I feel like being guest artist on Information, Please. Make the subject Alaska. I've been there. So has our gang, on a 16,000-mile tour of army camps. The "gang" included Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, Tony Romano, and one guitar. The "tour" included every camp we could possibly hit, and a few that we almost didn't!

We left Seattle by Pan American transport, and our first stop was an auxiliary airport, where we refueled. It was just a little place surrounded by trees. A soldier would come out and take a look at us. Then he'd give us a double-take like he couldn't believe his eyes. He'd yell, "Hey, Joe, come here! It's Bob Hope!" Joe would run out from behind a tree, look for himself, and then wave back. "Hey, Pete," he'd yell, "come here! It's Frances Langford!" I felt like President Roosevelt on his tour of the aircraft plants. Pretty soon soldiers began pouring out of the woods and, since we were going to be there for an hour, we climbed up on a tree stump and gave them a show. It was a bit crowded on that stump, but it was better than the soapbox I used when I was working for the W. C. T. U.

At Ladd Field, in Fairbanks, we developed a sudden passion for an army bomber. Besides, our tickets on the Pan American number were only good to that point. Our pilot, Captain Marvin J. Setzer, was really a great flyer. You can guess how I felt when I discovered he came from Pomona, California! If you had been kidding Pomona on your broadcasts for five years, how would you like to put your life in the hands of a native Pomonan and fly over that mess of mountains in Alaska? Understand what I mean? But duty came first apparently, and the kid did a great job.

In fact, after the trip was over, I gave him a gold watch inscribed, "Thanks for my life," and I wasn't kidding. An experience over Anchorage made that phrase strictly from the heart. We had visited a couple of small camps, and about ten o'clock were returning to Anchorage to join a celebration that was in progress there. Well, everything was swell when we started, but we ran into a terrific sleet storm. We had to fly blind for what seemed like hours. Jerry and I had been kidding this sort of thing before we started from Seattle. We had a story in our routine about the parachute jumper who was told by his officer that a station wagon would pick him up when he completed his jump. After finding that neither of his chutes would open, he remarked, "It'd be just like 'em not to have the station wagon there, either." Well, here we were. Colonna looked at me, made a "What can we do about it?" gesture with his hands, and stroked his mustache nervously.

We felt the plane getting ready for a circling glide to lose altitude. "This," I said, "means we're going to drop anchor at Anchorage." Brother, did that feel great! But what happened next shouldn't happen to one of Crosby's horses. It was so foggy we couldn't find the runway. Next thing we knew we were back up to 13,000 feet, trying to get above the storm. We couldn't see a thing, and, to add to the general effect, the radio went out. I heard the pilot yell to the crew chief, and he went over and put a Mae West life jacket and a parachute on Frances Langford. "In case you land on water," he was shouting to her, "just push those buttons and the jacket will inflate."

Bob Hope and Frances Langford land somew

I looked at Frances to see how she felt. After all, I had talked her into coming on this trip. I got so cold all of a sudden, I began to shake all over, but Frances just looked at me and grinned. She was taking it big. I pointed to her rip cord and said, "Do you think you're strong enough to pull that thing?" She nodded her head, still smiling. There we were, rehearsing for a crash, and she was smiling.

The crew chief began putting chutes on all of us. I looked at Romano. He was a delicate shade of chartreuse. I looked at Colonna. He was still stroking his mustache. He turned to me and said, "I'll bet that station wagon won't be there, either."

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES

# O ALASKA

Suddenly we saw a powerful circle of lights piercing the sky through the clouds. After seeing those lights, I won't look at a Hollywood première again. They came right up through the fog, and, brother, were they welcome! The boys at Anchorage had been worried about us, so they had put the lights around the airfield in a circle and shot them up. Using them for a beacon, we made our landing, and I've never been so thrilled to be on the beam. They even had crash wagons waiting for us. Somebody said, "Let's get a drink." I said, "As soon as I change my linen." The boys asked Frances how she felt, and she answered, "I was hoping we'd jump!"

The boys in Alaska were wonderful, really wonderful. We were sitting in a small café in Anchorage one night, and three sailors walked over and started talking to us. They insisted on buying us a drink. We thanked them, but refused, as we certainly didn't want to rob them of their monthly stipend. They left, but a little later the waiter brought over a tray with eight champagne cocktails. The sailors had paid for them and departed without waiting to be thanked. Those drinks meant a lot to us, because they were bought in real sincerity. I guess we'd have carried them home for souvenirs if they'd been transportable.

n Alaska to give the boys another show.

The boys went for Frances in a big way. She was the first white girl they had ever seen on Unimak Island, 250 miles from Kiska, in the Aleutians. They brought her souvenirs, gave her all sorts of insignia, and made her a sergeant major at Naknek. They treated her swell. No rough stuff. They just looked at her, nudged each other, and whispered things like, "Boy, what I'd give for a date with her!" and all the stuff typical American kids would say anywhere. That's just what they were, real American kids. That trip did Frances a lot of good. You can imagine what it would do to any girl to get all the attention she got from those men. She even got prettier on that trip.

We did eight shows for the boys at Nome. That's right on the Bering Sea, you know. We went there from Anchorage after stopping to play for the troops at Galena, on the Yukon. I got to spit in the Yukon, which is about like kissing the Blarney stone, I guess —a goal achieved. We did a show on the back of a truck, with the wind at our back so the boys could hear what we said. It was plenty windy, though not as bad as it was at Nome. There it rained so hard and the wind was so strong, we were nearly blown right off our feet, overshoes and all. That was the toughest place we were in, Nome. It was just a mud pack. The boys slushed around in mud up to their ankles. Juneau is a good town; Anchorage is O. K., too; and Fairbanks is called the "Country Club of Alaska." But Nome—it's Devil's Island with blubber!

I've been around to a lot of camps in the United States. I've seen how they live. And, boy, compared to those boys in Alaska, the fellows here are in velvet. Over in Galena I went to visit a doctor who probably went into the army from a swell practice in a nice big building in Minneapolis or somewhere—you know, a place with all the modern gadgets and instruments. In Galena this doctor was doing his stuff in a square tent heated by an old wood stove. He used the stove to sterilize his instruments and an army cot for an operating table.

The food wasn't bad. At Nome we had powdered milk and powdered eggs for breakfast. Something new for a comedian—*powdered* eggs!

At one of the camps I ran into a boy I knew in Hollywood. I can't use his real name, so let's call him "Anisetti." His parents were well-to-do and he was in the chemical business back there. He was a corporal at this camp, so when I got there, I asked for Anisetti. The general had him looked up and invited him to his house for dinner with us that night. The first thing the kid did when he walked in was to stoop down and feel the carpet. "Boy," he said, "a rug!" He was the only guy in the camp who had a floor in his tent, he later told us. He got the boards by stealing them off a plank walk outside of a tent while the boys were busy singing songs. I'm telling this to show how democratic our generals are. There was the corporal sitting right next to the general and telling how he stole planks to put a floor in his tent.

Well, was this kid lonesome! He was so glad to see some one from home that he ran over, put his arms around us, and almost wept for joy. I asked the general later if Anisetti could fly to another spot with us if we dropped him off on the way back in a day. The general said he could, so Anisetti went along. You should have seen the expression on his face when we landed at Unimak and another general there came to the airport to meet us. I introduced the members of my party, "Miss Langford, Mr. Colonna, Mr. Romano, and Corporal Anisetti." And the general walked over, with a straight face, shook hands, and said, "How do you do, Corporal Anisetti." The corporal nearly swooned.

Those generals are really swell, though. We were playing one of the camps, and you could see that the kids were thinking of their wives and sweethearts when Frances came on. One of them just put his head down on his hands and sobbed. The boy next to him put his arm around his shoulders and patted him on the back. The general nudged me and said, "Get

The boys crowd around for autographs. Can it be they want a closer look at Frances, too?

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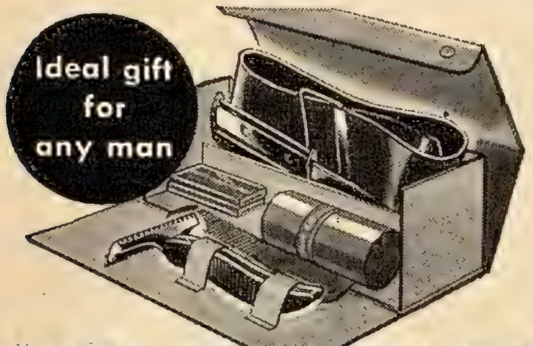

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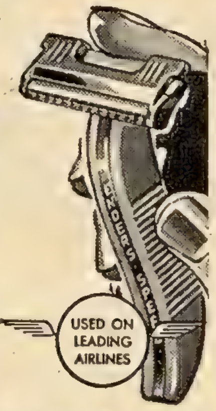


**ENDERS SPEED SHAVER**

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

that kid? You don't know what you're doing for them, coming up here. It's just what they need. They'll be talking about your visit for months."

I said, "General, you ought to know what those kids are doing for *our* morale. Competition was so keen in the States that we came up here to get top billing!"

One night at seven we landed at another location without advance notice. A lieutenant came out to meet us. He just stood there and looked at us, as if he didn't believe his eyes. He was a swell-looking young fellow—a typical All-America football player, clean cut and well built. Finally he said, "What would you like to do?" I said, "Well, we'd like a bite to eat and then we'll try to entertain the boys." We sat down to eat, and the boys just sat around and looked at us. All through the meal they just sat and stared. We did a show for them, and then the lieutenant came over and said, "Do you suppose you could do another one in a little while? We've got 1,300 engineers nine miles down the road." I said, "Go get them. We'll do as many shows as you want." So they came and sat there, most of them with big beards, but all young American kids, just eating up every word we had to say.

Those boys in Alaska are quick on their feet, too. I had to think fast to keep up with them. They all wanted to fire questions at me, and if I had stopped to answer them all, the show would have gotten out of hand. So I had to kid 'em back. It was tough sometimes. At one camp I was telling them, "Every one in the United States is conscious of what you're doing here, and that what you need is regular entertainment." One of the boys interrupted me with, "What we need is the United States!" I had to do some mighty hard thinking to give him the answer. "But what the United States needs is to have you right here, brother." They know it, too, but you can't blame them for forgetting once in a while.

SOME of our toughest shows were around Unimak. At one place we had a lot of guys sitting on cold wet ground. Boy, were they rugged! I took cold shots before I left Hollywood, but that weather was too much for me. I caught a cold that I still haven't been able to shake. But I was happy there, and I told them so. You never heard such laughs, such cheering, and such applause. "I'm happy to be here where the action is," I told them. "In the States I've played in some swell theaters with plush seats, and they just sneered at my kisser. Of course I'm not used to this cold—I just finished a picture with Dorothy Lamour, and I got paid for it, too!" That went over big. I told them about some of the hardships the people in the United States are enduring since the better things in life have been rationed. "Every one is keeping his car in the garage," I said. "The streetcars are now crowded to the point where it's fun!" They loved that.

There aren't very many places in Alaska where the boys can go for amusement. It isn't so bad in a place like Anchorage. They have a night club there called the Polar Bar—ten Eskimo girls and a picture show. They even have a place called Café Society, Jr., right downtown. It's just a little store where you can probably get a quick drink.

In Seattle, when we said we were flying to Alaska, people just looked at us and said, "You're kidding!" implying that we ought to have our heads examined. We heard so much about Alaska that we didn't take anything but rough clothes. Were we fooled when we landed at Fairbanks and were taken over to the officers' quarters at Ladd Field! Some one asked if we were going to the officers' dance that night. We went, and did Frances feel foolish! All the officers' wives wore evening dresses. She was the only girl there in a sweater and skirt.

## SUGGESTION

Tax guys who wear mustaches,
Tax men who spill their ashes,
Tax people who insist on playing chess,
Tax girls who answer "Maybe,"
Tax men who call you "baby"—
And watch the country's deficit grow less.

*LYNN GOODWIN.*

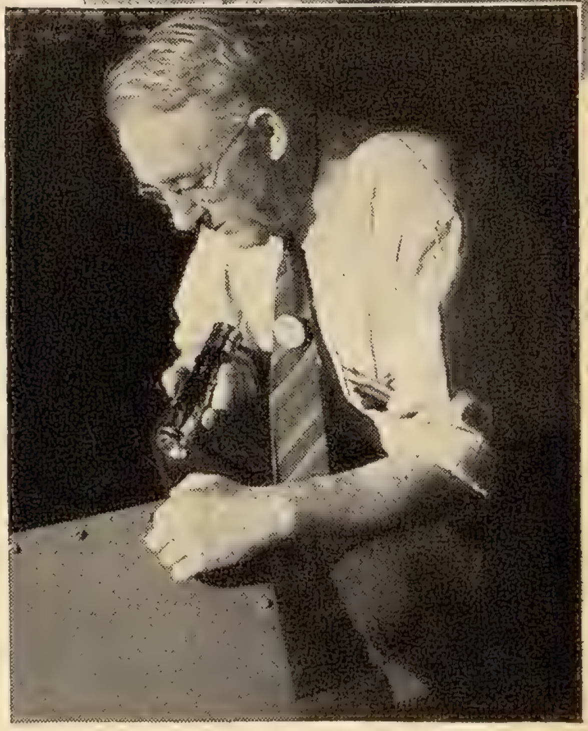
When I got back I had a lot of fun telephoning people the boys had asked me to call. A major at Unimak asked me to call his wife at Portland, so I put in the call when I arrived at Seattle. I got her on the line and said, "This is Bob Hope." She said, "Who?" I said, "Bob Hope." "Go away and stop kidding," she laughed. I said, "I'm on the level. This is Bob Hope. I promised your husband I'd call you."

She rounded up the whole neighborhood to listen, and they finally took a vote and decided it was the real McCoy. I had to do the same thing with wives in Omaha, Princeton, and even Hollywood, but, boy, was it a lot of fun! It made me realize more than ever that the greatest happiness is seeing it in others.

One thing we're sure of, after making that tour, is that those boys *must* have more entertainment. They're putting their all into winning this war for us, and so far they're the Forgotten Men of the armed forces. We're going back in January to renew friendships and give 'em a few new gags. In the meantime we hope that other citizens of the U. S. A. will come through with some real treats for our Snow Men!

THE END

FREE LANCE
PHOTOGRAPHERS
GUILD PHOTOS



# OLD FOLKS PITCH IN

## BY HARRY BOTSFORD

THE filling-station attendant gave me my gasoline, but he clean forgot to give me the cash receipt for which I had asked.

"You know, mister," he said, when I reminded him, "when you're sixty-nine and sort of pushed around, you forget things!" There was a grin on his weathered face.

An oldster greeted me the other day from the other side of a hotel registration desk. He had been retired for seven years, happily too, he informed me. But younger hotel clerks had gone into service, others had taken defense jobs. So he's back on the old job, handling it smoothly. "Fact is," he confessed, "I feel a lot younger now that I'm working again."

In the defense plants the oldsters who have returned to the pay roll are rendering valiant service. They remember what has been tried and found wanting and they have an uncanny way of spotting mechanical trouble before it becomes apparent. They know how to train youngsters, how to instill in them a love of honest and sincere craftsmanship, how to make them produce to the ultimate.

The plant manager of a defense shop privately told me that one of their old workmen, dug out of his retirement doldrums, had been able, because of his experience, to speed up the production of an entire department to such an extent that the plant now proudly boasts an "E" flag.

I know an engineer, retired ten years ago, who is back on the job in the highway department of a certain state. The boss tells me he wishes he could dig up a dozen other engineers of his ability, regardless of age.

The editor of a trade paper was suddenly called into service. The publisher took on a former trade-paper writer who had been retired for several years. The new editor is crowding seventy, but he knows this specialized field and he knows printing.

"We were getting out a special issue and there were, as usual, complications," the publisher told me. "The new man came in, grinned, shed his coat, called in the staff. He told them to get busy and that the front office would take care of itself. Things started to hum. We made every dead line and the editorial content of this man's first issue is something I'm downright proud of. It's taught my organization a sound lesson. A year

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES

**PAUL V. McNUTT, chairman of the War Manpower Commission, says: "The demands of total war know no age limits—nor does the urge of patriotism. Our older citizens are demonstrating their ability and their loyalty by returning in large numbers from retirement to help win the war."**

ago I wouldn't have hired that man at any price."

Just how much was discarded in the way of assets when the old men were let out, years ago, will never be accurately determined.

Close to a big government construction job a few weeks ago I had breakfast with a gaunt oldster, an engineer of considerable fame at one time. He had been a highway contractor, had made enough money to retire.

"Heard there was a shortage of construction engineers, and investigated," he told me. "Came down here and found it was true. Hired out the same day. I'm sixty-seven, and my family raised the devil, but I've been on the job eight months and I'm healthy and eating like a day laborer. Up at six every morning, out all day, regardless of the weather. I know this work and love it. I'm pretty proud of the fact that my salary has been raised four times in eight months. Got a son in New Caledonia and had a nephew on Bataan. I'm in for the duration."

The pride of the old is a thing to behold. It's earned, too. Deep in the hearts of most of them was a bitter resentment against the edict that sent them into retirement as no longer useful employees. A neighbor of mine, an old newspaperman, quit several years ago because of an age limit. His old editor called him in a few weeks ago and asked him how he'd like to go to work again, handling politics, his old job. The oldster grinned and accepted. He's turning out a crisp and crackling political column, full of meat and lively with items the young men are desperate to get—and can't.

"Great days, these!" he chuckles. "I've got the governor eating out of my hand. We are about the same age, but he's sorry for me, gives me a lot of breaks. Political leaders, too, are mostly old and their sympathy for my wrinkles and gray hair is very touching and I'm cashing in on it."

A well known concern, with national distribution, early in the war set up a policy adopted widely elsewhere: when a man went into armed service, no new man was hired to replace him, the others on the pay roll carrying the extra burden. It was a patriotic policy, and practical up to a certain point. But there's a breaking point in the working and thinking capacity of any salesman or branch manager. It became necessary, once that point was reached, to hire new men.

Reluctantly the company turned to the men they had removed from pay rolls and put on pensions. The president of the concern expressed to me his astonishment at the way these old chaps have taken hold. They had, it appeared, kept right up to date on the new products introduced; new sales policies and new angles of distribution were no mystery to them. Their ability had not gathered moss in their years of retirement.

Older women, too, have accepted the challenge of circumstances gladly and gallantly. In the New York Public Library just the other day I ran across a matron of long acquaintance—in her working clothes. Twenty years ago she was a top-flight secretary to a corporation attorney. She married him, quit work, and started to raise a family. Jack is in the marines, Jean is in college. A month ago her husband lost his secretary to the WAVES. With a full calendar, he was desperate. He turned reluctantly to his wife, and the erstwhile secretary met him more than halfway.

"I feel that I'm more useful now than I ever was," she told me, "and I'm not asking any favors of the rest of the office force, and that includes my husband."

My favorite waitress in the restaurant where I usually eat luncheon turns out to be a grandmother. Her son is in the air force, her daughter-in-law working in a defense plant. She is a good waitress. And a good American, too.

A FRIEND who is a gasoline distributor in a large Pennsylvania city has a capable stenographer, one of those calm, imperturbable old maids who are gluttons for work.

Last week he enlisted. He talked the matter over with her, asked her if she could manage the business. She said she could. He admits she has been managing him for years. Now he leaves, convinced that his business is in capable hands.

Each night a fast-moving truck stops at Miss Alice's house. The driver and a helper carry in a heavy tray of small defense parts, and leave carrying a like tray of parts which have been inspected.

Miss Alice is blind, fifty-five years old. But she is a real patriot and anxious to serve. Her sense of touch is something Ripley would rave about. An association for the aid of the blind got her the inspection job, and the factory management say her inspections, made without benefit of mechanical means, are just about 100 per cent perfect. She is only one of thousands of blind people usefully serving the country.

Here's another matron—fat, fiftyish, and gallant as they come. Three boys in the service—navy, marines, army—and she is happy to do her part, even though her feet are killing her.

Years ago she was a mechanical draftsman and a darned good one. Widowed at twenty-five, she had to work hard to take care of her three fine boys. Five years ago she gratefully quit work to live in comfort provided by the sons. Now she's on the job again, holding up her end of the work in the drafting room of a great shipbuilding plant, the first of a dozen women now working in the department.

Don't worry; true Americanism isn't measured by age or sex. America is being forced to dig deep into its known reserves of workers and materials—that's war! But we've touched only the surface of one of our greatest reserves: the ability, the willingness, the patriotism of our older citizens.

THE END

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### COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

## FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

**SNICKERBOCKERS:** The pants to a zoot suit.

**DISHIPLINE:** Making the old man dry the china when he wants to listen to the radio.

**SLOPTICIAN:** A garbage man with a college education.

**APPLEOGIZED:** What Eve should have done to Adam after his Paradise-lost snack.

**BATHLETE:** A guy who chins himself on the shower-curtain rod.

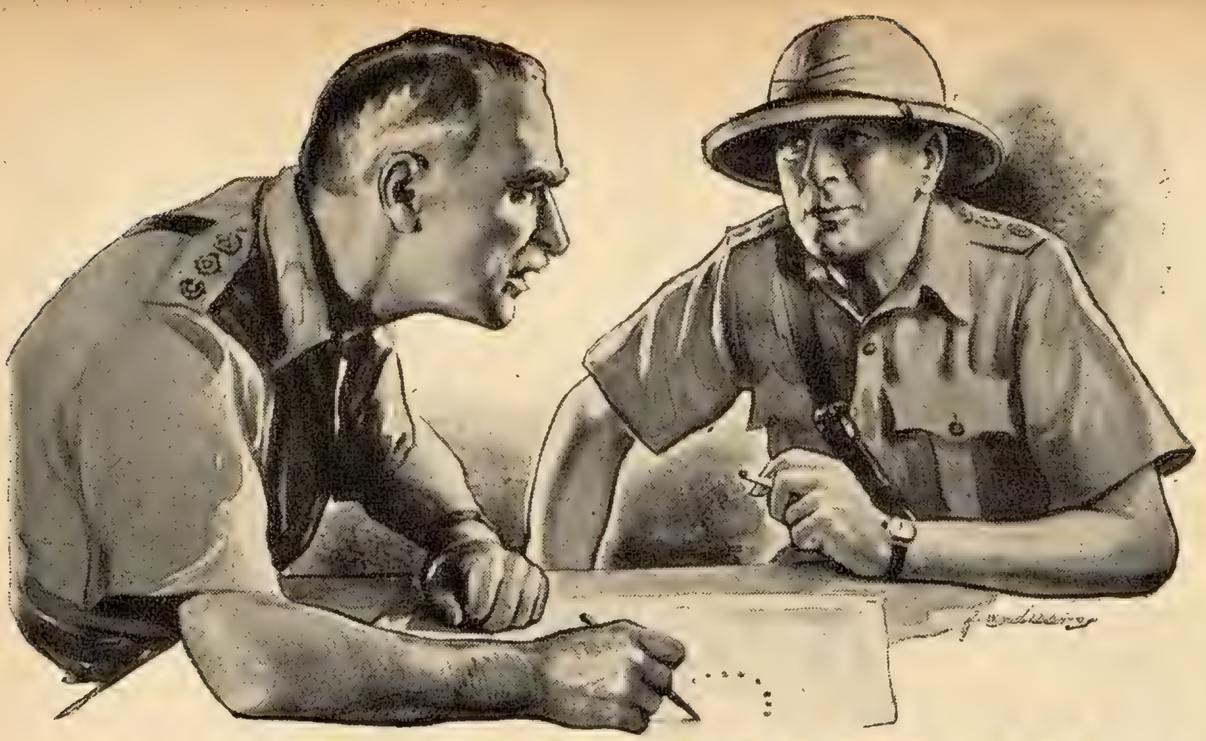
**SKINARIO:** Outline for a motion picture featuring the strip tease.

**MISSILEANEOUS:** Shooting the works.

**SMIRCHANDISE:** Stuff you buy at a fire sale.

**SILOPHONE:** Where a hot musician stores his corn.

**THANKSH:** Appreciation for a gift of a bottle of whisky.



# A QUALITY OF MIND

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

## BY WILLIAM MARTIN

THE noontime desert swelled with shimmering heat lines as though hell were seeping up in tiny flames. But on the horizon, miles to the north, a more concentrated fire had been burning all morning—the fire exploded in the night by the British Commandos in the newly established oil depots of the advancing Germans.

And now smoke was beginning to drift over the British lines, over the sweat-dripping exhausted men, prone in their shallow trenches; over the Headquarters tent where the colonel studied his table map; and over the smaller tent beyond the camouflaged tanks where McMurrah and Tomlinson and Smith sprawled in sleep after their night raid on the oil depots. Havely's cot was empty. Havely hadn't come back.

In the Headquarters tent the colonel studied reports and then, with red pins, marked the lines of the German advance. The red pins made a capital C, like a claw. He stuck a green pin in the center of the claw, marking his position. By nightfall, when the desert quieted to vague shadows, he knew the C would spread to an O with the green pin in the center.

But the colonel's hand was steady as he brushed sand from the map, and his gray eyes were cool as he studied the curve of red pins. The colonel was a fighting man. On his chest was pinned the Victoria Cross from Gallipoli, where—years ago—men of courage had sagged under bullets and then staggered up to fight on, while lesser men had slumped down with fear, unhit, into the shallow waters around those raging beaches.

Captain Bronson ducked into the tent, his face taut with a controlled anxiety. The colonel nodded to the map and the captain stepped to the table and looked down.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES

"Our position, Captain Bronson," the colonel said quietly. "We start our withdrawal at nightfall. A hundred men with supporting tanks must nip at the short point of the claw, here, and must start for their position in half an hour. Then I'll need your Commandos to slip around the point at dusk and simulate a counterencircling movement with grenades and flares and sirens. That will stay the pincer, give us another hour's start."

Captain Bronson said, "You can send McMurrah and Tomlinson and Smith out again tonight. But Havely didn't make it, sir."

The colonel's jaws tightened. There had been fifteen Commandos three days ago and now there were three.

"I'll need four men, captain—two for grenades and one for flares and one for the sirens. Any suggestions for a replacement, captain?"

"I'll go, sir."

The colonel thought about that briefly and shook his head. "I'll need you here with me in case we get cut off again. Any others, captain? Most of the men are licked inside for the time being; they've got withdrawal set in their minds. They wouldn't be steady enough."

"Thirty-one men of Company B of the Eighth came into camp just now, sir. Were cut off two days ago. That's what I came in to report, sir."

"I'll talk with them later, captain. How do they look?"

"Pretty well done in, sir. They're a new outfit, but they've all had basic Commando training."

The colonel caught at that. "Call for three volunteers, and send me the first man to step out if he isn't an exhibitionist. I want to talk with him alone. Hold the other two for further orders."

"Yes, sir." Captain Bronson ducked outside and the colonel studied the map. Later he heard the motors of Force B tanks warming up, and the rattle of their treads as they took battle station.

The sergeant major came to the tent. "The first volunteer, sir."

The colonel didn't look up from his map. He listened for the man's voice first. A voice could mean a great deal. It was a young, tense voice saying, "Percival Fortinbleau, II, Company B of the Eighth, reporting for special duty, sir."

The name made the colonel shake his head involuntarily. He remembered Percival Fortinbleau, I, crouching in fear at the water's edge at Gallipoli. Then he looked slowly up at the thin nervous boy of twenty. The boy's face was pale and heavy with fatigue. But he stood erect and his eyes were intelligent.

The colonel studied the boy's eyes a long second, then said, "I need a man to go on a special mission tonight. The mission must not fail. I need a man with courage."

"Yes, sir." The boy pulled himself even straighter and said, "I come from a fighting family, sir."

The colonel opened his lips, then closed them. Then he said quietly, "Every man stands alone in battle, Private Fortinbleau. Courage is a quality of the individual mind. It makes a weakened body stand up again; it makes a defeated body say yes again to duty after it has said no; it takes charge of the whole man after the legs and arms and heart have lost control of themselves from fear."

After a moment the boy said, "I see, sir."

Sweltering smoke-filled air surged into the tent, sifting fine sand over the map. The colonel said, very quietly, "I need a man who will draw fire and hold it until he goes down. It will be for others that he must do this. It will be his duty."

He waited for the boy's answer. The boy swallowed hard, then sucked in his breath. "I am afraid inside, sir, and my legs will shake. But I will stand. My mind will make my body say yes again."

The colonel stood up abruptly. "You will report to Captain Bronson. Get some sleep this afternoon." And as he always did when he was sending out a fighting man who would do battle to the end, he held out his hand. "Good luck, Private Fortinbleau." His hand was steady, but his face had lost a little color under its desert bronze.

The boy gripped the colonel's hand firmly. "Thank you, sir," he said. "Thank you, father."

THE END

## WIFE OF A HERO

Continued from Page 13

She said, "You're wonderful, Lieutenant Jeffrey. You're an inspiration to us all. And your wife, too. I can't forget how she worked right here beside me all these months."

He looked at her blankly and said, "My wife?"

She said, "Of course. This is the place she was working. Of course I didn't know it was she until I saw her picture in the papers, because she used her maiden name while she worked here. But I can understand her leaving so she could be with you all the time you were home. She must be terribly proud of you. But I guess you must be proud of her, too. I used to wonder how such a dainty little person could work as hard as she did."

*Judy! Oh, why didn't you tell me, my darling? The things I've said to you, the horrible things I've accused you of! . . .*

He found himself wringing the woman's hand, saying, "Thank you, thank you," incoherently. Wanting to get out of there fast so he could go to Judy.

Before he went into the apartment he called Alice. For once he knew what he had to do, what he wanted to do. And he wanted everything clean cut and direct.

He said, "Alice, I've just found out something. I can't see you tonight. Everything is changed. I don't know how to tell you—"

She broke in swiftly, her voice still sweet and smooth but with a sharp overtone that he had never heard before.

"I suppose Judy has turned you against me. She'll stop at nothing to get what she wants. What lies has she been telling you about me?"

He said, "She didn't tell me anything about you. She wouldn't—nothing that she wouldn't say to your own face."

And he knew what he should have realized all along: that Judy would never do anything underhanded. Even when she had flared with jealousy of Alice she had been fair enough to accuse Alice to her face. And he had been so sorry for Alice then, thinking Judy unjust and malicious. But now he wasn't so sure that Alice hadn't planned it that way. . . .

HE was remembering how bright and gay Judy had always been in trying times, how cheerfully she had given up little luxuries when necessary, how companionable she had been. The only things they had ever fought about were her work and Alice. And he had been to blame for those quarrels. He had been too possessive, wanting her only for himself.

He remembered how she used to say, "I'm a cricket, Chris. I have to chirp and jump around or I'll die." How could he have tried to take all the fun out of her life? Even had it been possible, how could he have presumed to make her over?

Alice hung up finally, and he rushed from the booth, and soon he was at the door of the apartment, his heart pounding, wondering, *Is it too late?*

She was standing before a mirror, pinning up her hair. She said brightly, "Hi, Chris," and went back to her task.

He said, "So you were working in a factory. That's what happened to your career."

She turned to face him, proud and lovely, chin tilted. "Yes. And when you leave I'm going back again. I loved every minute of it. I felt useful for once, as if I had some little part in all that's going on."

He thought of Alice saying, "I don't want any of it to touch me, so I lock myself into this peaceful little castle of mine."

He stood there staring at her so long that she started to get angry. He could see it sparking in her eyes, and he started to smile, feeling a great warmth for her welling up in him.

He said, "You could have capitalized on that. It would have been wonderful publicity for you. Brave wife works in factory while husband fights for his country. Why didn't you tell the reporters that?"

Her eyes flashed angrily and she started to speak and then saw that he was laughing, and turned her back on him.

He said softly, "I've been so stupid, Judy. So wrong. Judy, look at me."

SHE came to him slowly, her eyes searching his face, and when he took her in his arms, she sobbed against his shoulder.

"Chris, Chris . . ."

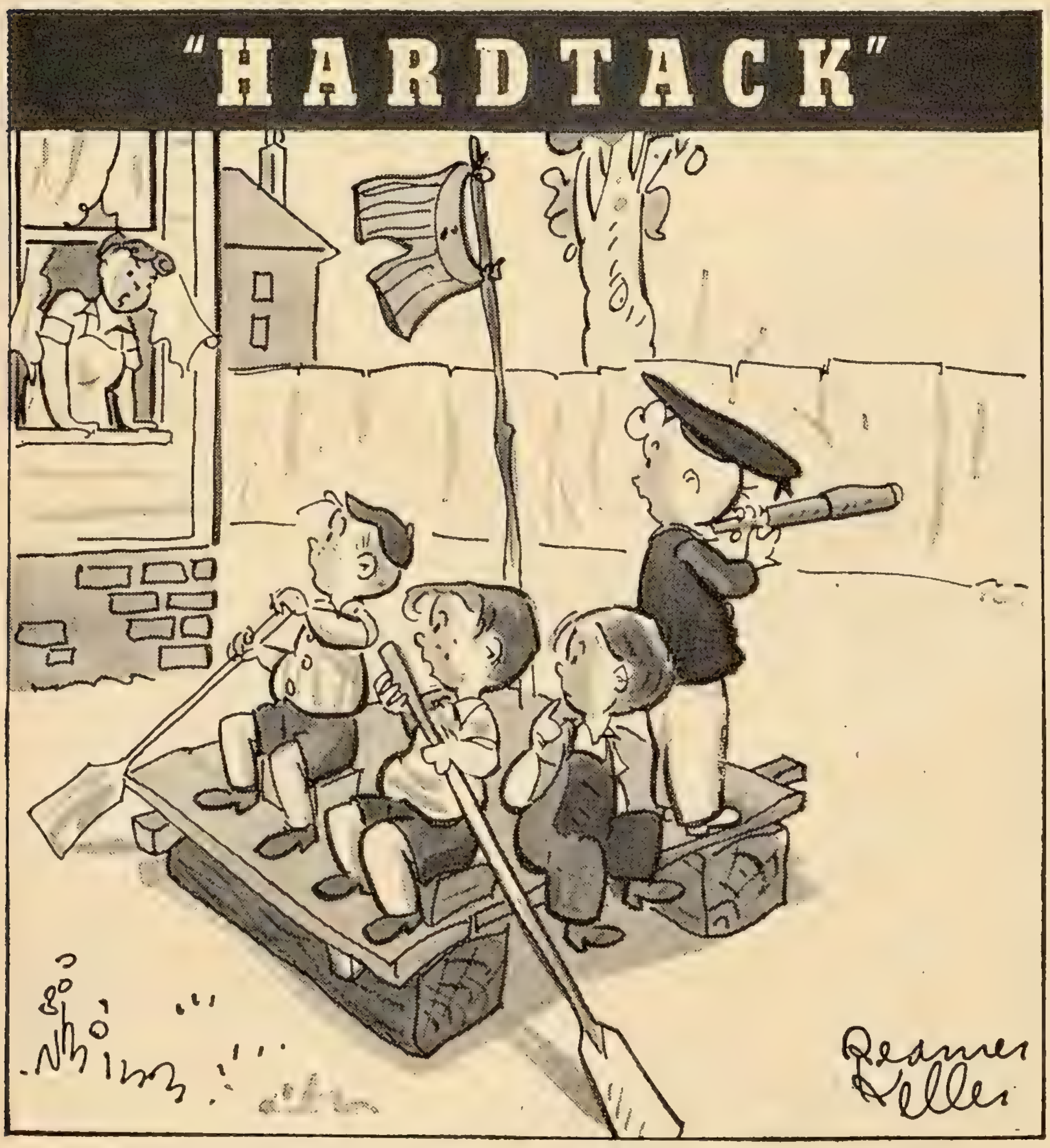
"Darling. My darling!"

"I've missed you so, Chris. I've cried in the night for you. I'd lie awake wondering what had happened to us, what I'd done that was wrong. Was loving you fiercely so wrong? Was resenting Alice, because she tried to take you from me, wrong? Or was it because I liked to laugh and dance and have people around me? You were so shy, Chris. I thought at first I could make you lose your shyness by throwing you into crowds of people. I shouldn't have done that when I saw how you hated it. I know that now. And all I ever wanted was you. I found that out soon enough after I'd sent you away in anger. I was desperate, Chris. That's why I grabbed this chance to be with you again. I didn't even care whether it was right or wrong, because I wanted you so."

He took her chin in his hand, looking into her lovely eyes, and it all welled up in him—his love for her that had been starved and hiding for so long. He said huskily, "Don't talk, darling. I've been such a dope. Such a dope!"

She gave a little choked laugh. "Uh-uh," she said. "But you're *my* dope."

THE END



"I'll give you just five minutes to sight land, Hardtack, and come in here and straighten up your room!"

## AN ARMY BRASS HAT TALKS BACK

Continued from Page 9

Little manufacturers all over the country are patriotically trying to grab war orders. They charge that the army has sold out to big business.

It just happens that big business is equipped to make big quantities of big machines. Take cannon, for instance. There aren't more than twenty plants in America capable of manufacturing big guns. We simply can't afford to spread out these orders. We can't ask an Ohio river-boat yard to build battleships. They can build—and are building—small craft.

There are men who know that to date the War Department has let 450,000 contracts to firms employing fewer than 500 men. That doesn't sound like a plot against small business. But we might as well face the facts. We can't allow our war effort to slow down in order to make a super-WPA project of army contracts.

Criticism is a healthy sign. I hope that the editorial writers and the commentators will continue to criticize. Every now and then they have turned up a situation that needed mending. And believe me, it's been mended.

But this criticism should be specific. Then, and only then, will the brass hats profit. Calling us names isn't going to help. Pulling men off the job to testify at endless committee meetings will not help, either. Distracting us with special pleading for matters that have nothing to do with winning the war does definite harm.

Give us a chance, and your brass hats, with the facts at their fingertips, with years of study and training in their particular jobs, with intelligence and unquestioned patriotism, will end the war as quickly and with as small loss as is humanly possible.

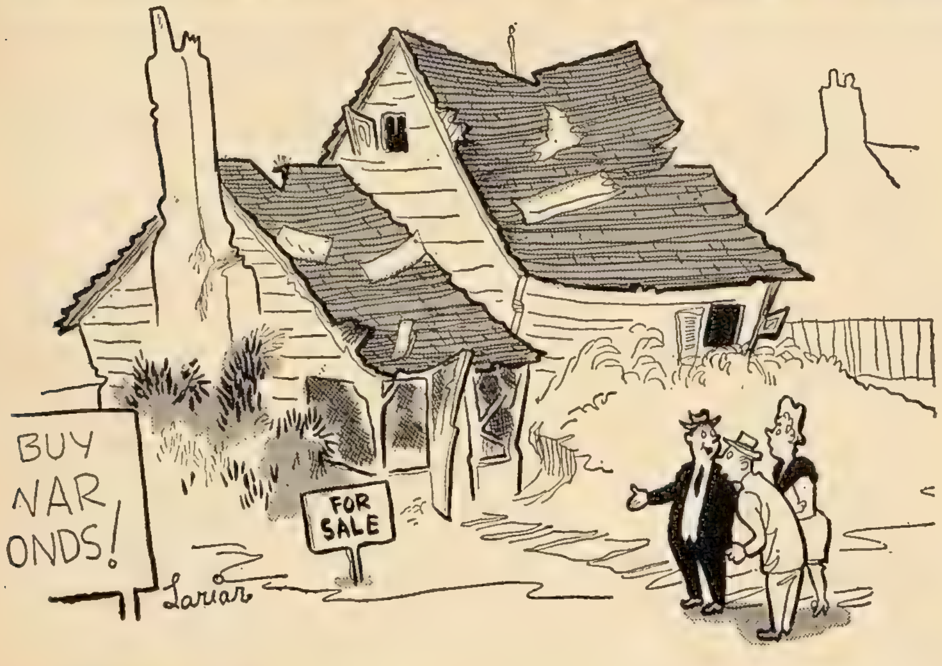
That's their job.

THE END

## 20 QUESTIONS

1. Which of these terms is out of place: spare, punt, strike, split?
2. Holstein, Einstein, Steinway—which would you expect to moo?
3. Who called the African campaign "the end of the beginning"?
4. For which reason is a congressman at large elected—to substitute for representatives who are ill or to increase a state's representation according to its population growth?
5. Was the Great Carbuncle a diamond, a growth on Lady Macbeth's chin, or a Ring Lardner baseball character?
6. Is an epaulet a baby's cradle, a type of shoulder insignia, or a pastry?
7. If you heard some one say he was "drilling an artesian," would he be working on a water system or looking for oil?
8. Is sequoia a large tree, a Noel Coward song, or a vegetable?
9. Is a benedict a bachelor?
10. For what reason has Representative Maas become a national figure?
11. Who is the famous author of Government—Not Politics, Looking Forward, and On Our Way?
12. Is the Morris chair so called because it was invented by the poet, William Morris, or because it was first sold by a store of that name in Sweden?
13. Was Fra Lippo Lippi a Japanese spy, a character in a Browning poem, or an Italian battleship?
14. If a man is engaged in selling space, is he a real-estate agent, an advertising salesman, or a locker-room attendant?
15. The German Army hesitated to occupy one large port in France. Why, and what was the name of the port?
16. If you were being sent to Golgotha, would you expect to wear a football suit, a shroud, or a prisoner's uniform?
17. Was Goody Two-shoes given that name because she wore two shoes on each foot; because she was delighted to have two shoes instead of one; or because she wore the same pair of shoes for seventy-five years?
18. "Strew on her . . ." What?
19. Would the phrase "good in the clutch" most likely refer to a movie star, a mechanic, or a baseball player?
20. Which is correct—"regardless of the price" or "irregardless of the price"?

(*Answers will be found on page 54*)

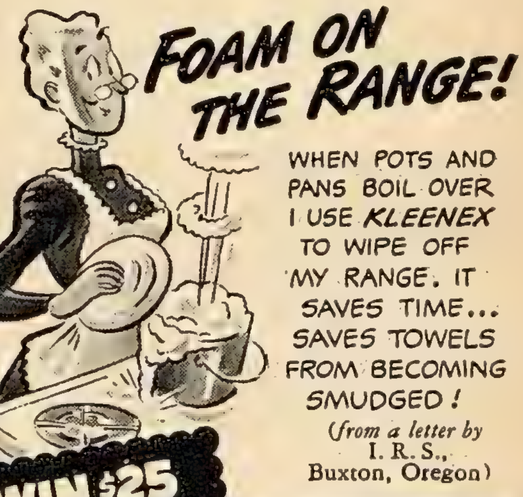


"Not much to look at, but it heats with coal!"

TRICKY ST. NICKY!
KLEENEX TISSUES
KLEENEX

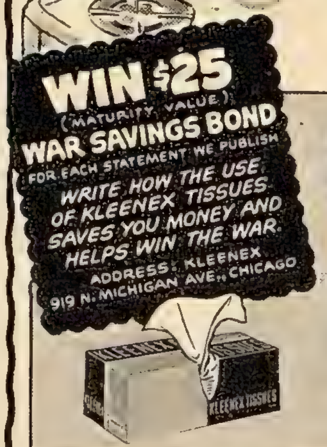
BEING SANTA AT THE LOCAL STORE IS FUN SINCE I LEARNED HOW EASY IT IS TO REMOVE MAKE-UP WITH SOFT, ABSORBENT *KLEENEX TISSUES!*

(*from a letter by* F. K., East Stroudsburg, Pa.)


FOAM ON THE RANGE!

WHEN POTS AND PANS BOIL OVER I USE *KLEENEX* TO WIPE OFF MY RANGE. IT SAVES TIME... SAVES TOWELS FROM BECOMING SMUDGED!

(*from a letter by* I. R. S., Buxton, Oregon)



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WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.
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HANKIES AWAY!

SINCE I ADOPTED THE *KLEENEX* HABIT, MY HANKIE-SCRUBBING DAYS ARE OVER! SAVES MY GOOD LINEN KERCHIEFS—SAVES ON LAUNDRY BILLS!

(*from a letter by* P. A. M., U. S. S. Paducah)

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

1942
MERRY CHRISTMAS

# t.b.

**You may think t. b. is licked, but in four years it killed as many Americans as all our wars. The best weapon against it isn't secret—and it works**

## BY MORRIS MARKEY

THE disease we call tuberculosis has lately emerged as one of our most critical national dangers, and for a very odd reason: to wit, the feeling has got abroad in the land that we have tuberculosis licked.

Most of this complacency in the face of a deadly enemy can be laid to the fact that most discussion of the public health, by lay writers as well as by many physicians, have been turned upon heart ailments and cancer and venereal disease, upon the wonders of the sulfa drugs and upon vitamins. The result has been that the age-old wariness against consumption, the wasting sickness, has been dulled.

Now it is perfectly true that almost unbelievable things have been accomplished in the control of this disease. In 1900, 202 out of every 100,000 Americans died of tuberculosis; and last year, only 44 out of every 100,000—a decrease of 78 per cent in the mortality rate. It is also true that tuberculosis has dropped from first place among the causes of death to seventh.

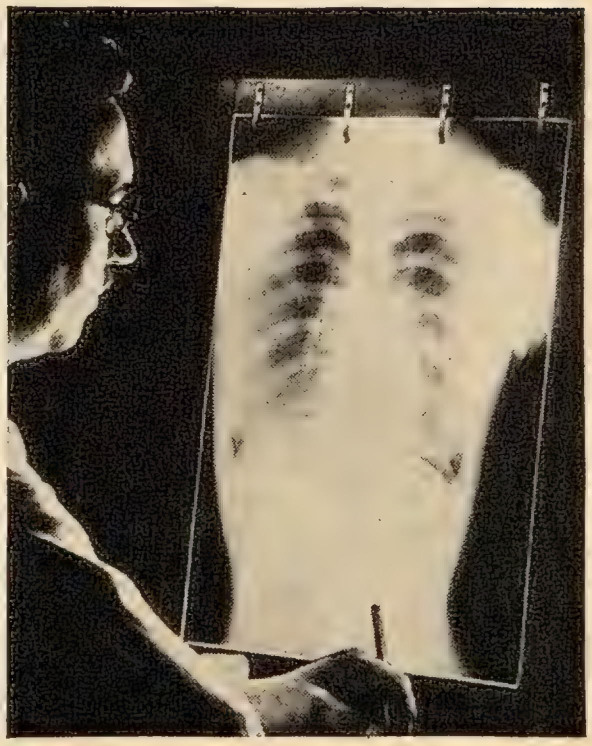
But mark these facts well: Tuberculosis is still first on the list of *infectious* or *communicable* diseases. It follows after, in the order named, heart disease, cancer, brain hemorrhage, kidney disease, accidents and pneumonia—none of which can be "caught." It is still the greatest cause of death by disease between the ages of fifteen and forty-five. One out of every four of all the women who die between fifteen and twenty-five die of consumption. And in the last four years tuberculosis has killed as many Americans as our country has lost as a result of action in all of its wars.

Furthermore, there has been a recent flare-up of the ailment. It has jumped sharply in England and in other warring countries. Many authorities believe this is caused by increased industrial labor.

So it seems sensible for all of us to bring our knowledge of the disease up to date, and to hear from the medical profession the latest theory and practice in treatment and prevention.

In the first place, then, tuberculosis is a germ disease. Unlike the other diseases named before, it cannot possibly occur unless a certain specific and well recognized living organism finds its way into the human body. Patients in hospitals humorously refer to this germ as "the bug." But it is not, strictly speaking, a bug at all. It is on the plant side of microscopic life rather than the animal side. Unlike the germ of syphilis, say, which is very swift of motion, the tuberculosis germ is of the order of the fungus family—comparable to the harmless organisms which make mold.

At least half of the men, women, and children in this country have taken these germs into the body at some time during life. Many of us experience several slight infections, of which we are never aware because the body has an extraordinary machinery for combating them. As they sift into lung tissues through the air we breathe, certain cells of the human system rush to surround them and form little cages to hold them prisoner. Many of us carry through life one or more of these cages. They are shaped like bulbs, and called tubercles, from which we get the name of the disease.



This X-ray of tubercular lungs shows how far the disease has progressed.

It is that slight infection of children which is the key to the danger. For tuberculosis is not a disease of sudden and violent attack. It creeps upon its victim, waits for his moment of weakness, and then begins its deadly attrition.

**READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES**

We rarely hear of a child in grade school dying of consumption. But as the child grows, the very processes of growing weaken his defenses. The changes of adolescence do most curious things. They throw the whole human mechanism a little out of balance. And if, during these changes, the child is subjected to bad housing and living conditions, improper food, overwork or overplay, and insufficient sleep, the dormant germs of tuberculosis which entered his system, perhaps years before, may break out of their cages in the lungs, spread into the tissues, multiply rapidly, and take their ultimate savage toll.

Girls and young women are particularly susceptible to the disease. Unusual or taxing labor at critical periods of their development into womanhood weakens their resistance. The physical and emotional stresses incident to childbirth have their effect. But these basic functions of

Modern tuberculosis treatment calls for rest, fresh air, and a balanced diet.

normal existence are certainly no cause for alarm in themselves, provided there are no other contributing factors, and provided the young woman takes reasonable care of herself—under a doctor's instructions.

The first symptoms of tuberculosis are never spectacular. The individual is gradually aware of the fact that he tires more easily than usual. His appetite falls off. He suffers from indigestion and begins to lose a little weight. These early symptoms may not be caused by tuberculosis at all, but by some other passing disturbance of the system. Nevertheless, they should always be regarded as potential signs of the disease until a doctor proves they are not.

As the disease advances, the symptoms become more explicit: habitual coughing, spitting blood, husky throat, chest pains. Then there can be no doubt, and something must be done at once. If it is not, the patient very soon becomes an invalid. He is no longer able to work. For a year, perhaps two, he lingers and requires constant attention, for he is not only growing weaker, but he is a source of infection to those about him. Finally he wastes away and dies.

It is impossible to compute exactly the number of active, communicable cases of tuberculosis in the United States in any given year. But the best estimates indicate that there are, at this moment, about half a million Americans suffering from the disease in an active state. We do know that every year about 200,000 receive treatment in sanatoriums.

What, then, do the doctors do about tuberculosis? Is it curable? If so, how?

The disease is one of the oldest known to mankind. Examination of Egyptian mummies buried thousands of years before Christ shows clearly that they died of consumption. Hippocrates, the ancient Greek who founded the science of medicine, recognized tuberculosis as a universal menace, and named it *pthisis*—the wasting sickness. And from the very earliest times doctors have been seeking a cure for it.

For centuries they were totally unsuccessful, and consumption was regarded as incurable. Whoever contracted it was simply doomed to die a lingering death. It was not until 1882, indeed, that Robert Koch, the great German scientist, discovered the tubercle bacillus, the germ itself, and the scientific treatment of the disease could begin: by attacking its cause.

Until then physicians struggling in the darkness of ignorance had tried a thousand cures—drugs and herbs, brews and simples of the most fantastic concoction. Indeed, even in our own day irresponsible men still delude people with "remedies" or "cures" that come out of a bottle. Their claim often seems plausible, and they can even present testimonial letters from innumerable people who say that they have been cured. There is a reason for these letters. It is one of the strange and deceptive characteristics of tuberculosis that it will seem to respond to almost any sort of treatment—for a little while. No matter what fantastic cure is tried, the patient will actually feel and look better. But soon after he has written down his praise of the stuff that helped him, he relapses and his case becomes worse than it was before.

Let me say, as emphatically as the whole weight of sound medical opinion enables me to say, that there is no drug on earth which will help tuberculosis—no prescription, no specific. Whoever tells you that such a drug exists is doing you a cruel wrong. Even those miracles of chemistry, the sulfa drugs, have not the least value in the treatment of tuberculosis.

What, then, is the treatment?

Even the earliest of the scientific students of the disease realized that something beyond drugs was needed. Many became convinced that climate was of prime importance. Some doctors ordered a sea voyage; others, tropical or semitropical scenes; a great many of them recommended high mountain air. But when none of these measures brought satisfactory results, it became clear that climate was not of particular importance.

Then fresh air became the thing. Patients were put on sleeping porches

X-ray examinations are given to high-school seniors. Early discovery of the disease leads to early recovery.

or even open-air pavilions, bundled up in heavy wrappings and told to stay out of doors in even the most boisterous weather. Fresh-air classes were opened in some schools, and a whole system of open-air "preventoriums" came into being. But the death rate from tuberculosis was not radically affected. It became clear that fresh air was not a "cure"—though certainly tuberculosis patients, like anybody else, need an adequate amount of it.

There was a cult which insisted that sunshine would do the trick—long and direct exposure to the sun's rays. Solar treatments became the vogue. But then it was learned that overexposure to sunlight is harmful to anybody, and positively dangerous to a person weakened by tuberculosis.

Mixed in with most of these treatments was the theory that the patient must be stuffed with fattening foods, particularly eggs (raw) and butter and milk. The digestive system made its own answer to that. Medical science learned its lesson, and the days of stuffing are over.

At the last, there was a small school which believed exercise to be the cure, riding horses, chopping wood, hiking to the point of exhaustion. That fad did not last very long because it proved to be nothing short of murderous.

WHAT conclusions has medicine reached from all of these brave, conscientious, stumbling efforts to find a cure for tuberculosis? The answer is a single word: Rest.

Total and complete rest, preferably in a sanatorium. The location and climate of the hospital are not important. There must be plenty of fresh air, without extremes of temperature. And as for diet, it should be carefully balanced, with due consideration for the patient's appetite and desires.

Since the discovery of rest, big gains have been made in control of the disease, and the treatment has been elaborated. One form is the therapy, or treatment, of enforced rest. Suppose you cut your finger across the knuckle. The doctor puts a stiff bandage on it, because otherwise every movement would break the wound open again. So with a diseased lung—a lung wounded by the inroads of the tuberculosis germ. It must be held to a minimum of movement.

A person running takes about fifty very deep breaths a minute, giving the lungs a maximum of exercise. A person lying in bed takes about ten *shallow* breaths a minute, and the lungs are spared from overwork. If that amount of rest does not bring improvement in a tuberculosis patient, the doctors now have several ways of putting the damaged lung out of commission altogether.

The most important way is called pneumothorax, which is Greek for a simple English phrase, air in the chest. Air is pumped painlessly into the chest cavity holding the sick lung, compressing it down to the size of a baseball and fixing it so that it is unable to move, unable to breathe at all. In this state of utter quiet it heals more rapidly (like the cut knuckle or the broken leg). Of course the other lung must do all the work meantime, but this is no great burden on it when the patient is lying in bed.

When the sick lung has conquered the germs which would destroy it, the chest cavity is deflated, so to speak, and the lung goes back to its normal work.

There are other ways of immobilizing a sick lung, just about as effective, just about as painless. And there are other techniques in lung surgery. But the important thing for us to know about here is that the doctors have found effective ways to make a sick lung captive, prevent it from working, and thus accomplish the rest which is the key to all treatment for tuberculosis.

ONE other thing of great importance the doctors have learned: A person ill with tuberculosis is not merely a pair of diseased lungs. He is a human being. Worried and anxious, bored or homesick human beings are not easy to cure. And so the sanatoriums do everything possible to relieve home worries, financial worries —and to keep the patient occupied mentally. He is carefully educated as to the nature of his illness, and it is made plain to him that he cannot "be cured." He must exert his will and his mind to help cure himself.

He is told that he is going to be in bed for the better part of a year. Because, to medical men, rest means not merely slackening up a bit or taking it easy for a while. It means lying flat on your back. And this is not easy.

So the sanatoriums provide work, the greatest of all time killers, plus amusement and hobbies. There are sound programs of vocational education. Thousands of tubercular patients have learned in the hospitals new arts, new trades, and come out when cured to find a wholly new role in life for themselves—more satisfying and often more remunerative than the life they had followed before.

Most of the people discharged from sanatoriums as cured are definitely well. Rest and medical science have conquered tuberculosis. In a certain percentage of cases, on the other hand, the disease lights up again—the fevers and the symptoms return. But these relapses can most often be traced to injudicious behavior, "doing too much," or failure to follow the rules of diet and going to bed which the doctors have laid down. Ordinarily speaking, the restored victim of tuberculosis may pursue a normal life, provided he works at a vocation which is not too strenuous. He may marry and live like the next man.

For it cannot be stated too positively that tuberculosis is not inherited. That is a matter of absolute proof. The child of a tuberculous father or mother starts from scratch like anybody else. If the father or mother has not had treatment, and is in an infectious stage of the disease, the child may "catch" it, through kisses, eating and drinking utensils, coughs and sneezes. But he has not inherited it, and cannot.

Nevertheless sanatorium treatment is immensely preferable, under any circumstances, to home treatment. Tuberculosis hospitals are one of the reasons for the enormous improvements over the past forty years, for in addition to the advantages offered to the patient, the sanatorium ensures isolation. The person suffering from active tuberculosis is a genuine menace to everybody around him, and particularly to children. Tuberculosis in dairy cattle (the disease is transferable from cows' milk to human beings) has been almost wholly eradicated in every county of the United States by the simple process of making tests and destroying the animals which showed a positive reaction. Obviously we cannot go about, Nazi fashion, shooting every citizen whose ill luck it is to have tuberculosis. But we can isolate those citizens, prevent them from infecting others, cure them, and turn them back into the stream of community life for useful work.

Tuberculosis can, of course, be treated in the home. But the person running that home must be firm and resolute in carrying out the doctor's orders—and must be temperamentally equipped to live with an invalid for at least a year. I'll give some advice to that person presently. First I want to talk about what we can all do to protect ourselves and others from the disease—to eradicate it.

As a nation we have already done a great deal. The United States Public Health Service operates a constant campaign against the disease. Every governmental organization, from the federal to the county, has departments with appropriations of money from public funds to combat it. Millions of dollars of such funds have been spent upon hospitals and sanatoriums. And the donations of money by generous individuals have added to the number of beds available.

MANY people do not realize how much it costs to establish a bed in a modern tuberculosis hospital, with all the plant and equipment which are necessary for the treatment of the patient in that bed. Well, it amounts to about $3,500 for every single bed, with the cost rising to the dizzy figure of $13,000 in certain extreme cases. It costs, in addition, about $2.50 a day to maintain a patient in one of these beds.

There are now in the United States about 700 sanatoriums and other hospitals with provisions for the treatment of tuberculosis, and more than 1,000 tuberculosis clinics.

The voluntary organizations of good men and women are of tremendous importance in our national fight against the disease. There are now about 1,700 of these, one for every important community. Each one of them is affiliated with the National Tuberculosis Association.

These are the organizations which sell the Christmas seals. The money realized from that sale is used to carry on research, to maintain offices giving advice to frightened people whose loved ones are attacked by the disease, and to a tireless campaign of public education.

What is the burden of this education? Simply this: Find the early case. If we do this there will be an 80 per cent better chance of recovery.

If you even faintly suspect that your child has contracted tuberculosis, have your doctor give him the tuberculin test, or let your local clinic give it to him if you cannot afford a doctor. (Your conscience must be your guide when it comes to the decision of personal physician or free clinic.) The test is quite painless and takes only a moment or two.

If the tuberculin test shows positive, the next step is X-ray examination. These need not be expensive. Every man entering the army or navy is given an X-ray examination. In all large centers X-ray facilities are available and in many communities X-ray examinations are provided for all comers at the price of one dollar.

SHOULD the tests on your child indicate active tuberculosis, then the child must be put to bed immediately, either in a sanatorium or at home. If that is done, he has a good chance to recover and become useful to himself and to society.

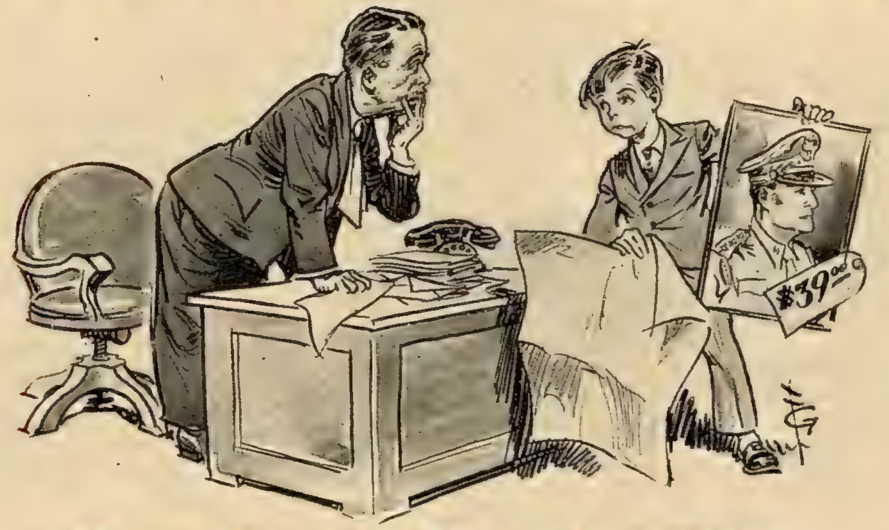
See that the child has a balanced diet. If all the campaigns in print and in the movies and on the radio have not informed you about balanced diets, your nearest Tuberculosis Association office will be glad to give you help. Look in the telephone book or ask any public officer or official for the address. All surveys have shown most clearly that diet, food, nutrition have a pronounced effect upon tuberculosis statistics. The properly fed, the properly rested have great ability to avoid or cast off the disease.

If there is an adult in your home suffering from the disease, and if there are also children, the adult simply must make way. Do you suspect such a thing? Then demand that tuberculin and X-ray tests be made at once. It is your moral duty, and also your duty to your country in these times, to protect children from infection. If enough of our people accepted that duty and acted upon it, tuberculosis could be completely eradicated.

Tuberculosis is not licked. By no means. It is still a dangerous and terrible disease. But there is no longer any need to be frightened of it—now that we know how to deal with it. It simply must be faced as a fact of our present existence—a disastrous fact—which all of us should be aware of and all of us should combat. It will take patience and courage, knowledge and wisdom. It cannot be ignored. The facts and the rules are not complicated. You have just read them.

THE END

# THE GYP OF THE WEEK



## Unordered Merchandise

### BY FRANK W. BROCK

KINDHEARTED people are likely to find almost anything as they open their mail these worrisome days—handkerchiefs, pencils, key tags, or even a portrait of General MacArthur. Their names are on so many sucker lists. But hard-boiled bozos who consistently refuse to fall for petty rackets are generally ignored by the gyps who flout postal regulations by mailing tons of unordered merchandise and then try to collect for it.

The merchandise which clutters up your mail is never worth the price asked for it. It can't be. Here is why: A Missouri concern, in a typical series of send-outs, mailed 1,064,331 parcels of neckties. Of this number, 540,513 were returned, 162,282 were never heard of again, and 351,536—about 33 per cent—were paid for at the asking price of one dollar each. Thus the gross profit on one third of the total number mailed paid all expenses and provided a neat profit. And the racket *is* profitable.

Since the United States entered the war many of the appeals have been to our patriotism. A New York outfit is mailing an American flag poster and the direction: "Please remit $7.50 or return the poster," and thus far has used the names of two patriotic organizations—without permission—in baiting the generous.

A "refugee from Nazi oppression" mails three handkerchiefs to each prospective customer with a request for a dollar. (You can do better in the five-and-ten.)

The portrait of General MacArthur is mailed to executives of large corporations engaged in war work. An accompanying letter points out that "the portrait will inspire employees to a fighting pitch and instill them with the spirit necessary to win the war. Please remit $39 or return the portrait collect."

How can it be stopped? By making it unprofitable, refusing to pay for, or returning the merchandise. You are under no obligation to pay for unordered merchandise. You need not return it, even though an addressed and stamped container is provided. You need not even notify the sender of your intentions. You must not, however, appropriate it for your *own* use. You can give it away.

Hold the item for a reasonable length of time, and if a qualified agent of the sender calls for it you are entitled to demand payment of storage charges before relinquishing it. Don't be intimidated by threats of an action at law. You cannot be held responsible. If those to whom the receipt of unordered merchandise through the mails is an unmitigated nuisance would follow this procedure, the racket would soon be a thing of the past.

# MONTEZUMA AND THE MAIN EVENT

**A fight promoter unearths a Mexican superman, and finds there's more than one way of throwing a bull**

### BY ROBERT CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

MAYBE you remember a bout of a few months ago at the Madison Avenue Coliseum between Blackout Minelli and Jackie Harper. The nearest thing to violence was when the boys touched gloves at the beginning. Minelli finally lost, and there were some rude enough to say that he had taken a dive. They said he was hit on the palm by a G note just before the fight and never recovered. That last statement is absolutely untrue. Max Karash never in his life paid a fighter more than five hundred dollars to go in the tank.

Nevertheless the heat was on Max. The newspapers printed some very hard things about him, and a certain columnist stated that Max ought to be barred from further promoting by the Boxing Commission.

The disgrace made a deep impression on Max. There was no use saying he had been as much fooled as anybody else and had no suspicion the boys were a ballroom team in disguise. Not a soul believed him, especially his friends.

"Janie," he said, "I am fed up with this beef. Everybody is blaming me for those boys being pacifists. What to do?"

"Better lam," I said. "You're hot."

"Lam?" he said. "Admit by flight that I am guilty?"

"You've got it, Max."

Max rose from his desk and towered about a foot above it. "My own secretary! She joins the mob that says I framed the contest!"

But an hour later he had me telephoning travel agencies, with the idea of going far, far away very, very cheap. The Buy Your Leave, Inc., agency presented the best deal. You flew to Mexico City, stayed two weeks at a good hotel, and returned in the same style—with everything at strictly from hunger prices.

"I have heard of the Republic of Mexico," Max said. "A fighter I once managed went there and was knocked kicking by another pugilist. All right. Close the deal for a couple of tickets. Maybe I can sit on my patio and forget the Marquis of Queensberry."

That afternoon I packed Max and myself. Cal Jordan, Max's press agent, wandered in just as I was stuffing the boss's briefcase with cigars.

"Aha!" he said. "So the Little Private is running out on the rap, huh?"

"Considering how you've done for him with the papers," I said, "what else can he do?"

"Did anybody praise John Wilkes Booth?" Cal said. "I can influence public opinion but I can't change it. Max has put a blight on the manly art of self-defense."

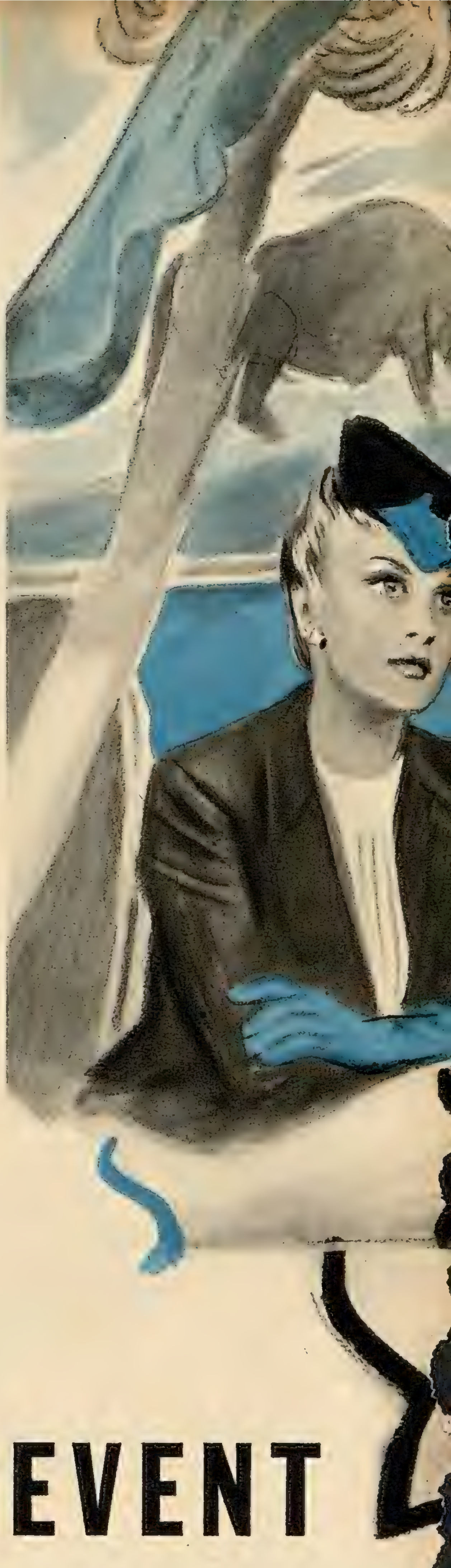
He went in Max's office, and I could hear Max hollering for a while. Later Cal rode to the plane with us.

"I won't give your trip much of a spread," he said, as we stood at the gate. "I'll just say Max Karash, promoter and public enemy, has fled to Mexico in fear of his life, with his secretary."

"Kicking me when I'm down, huh?" Max said, sneering. "What would I be without all of my faithful employees?"

"More ignorant and egotistical than ever," Cal said. "But never mind that now."

"Don't say I am powdering," Max said. "Tell them I am going to Mexico to find a great new fighter I heard about. A kind of a Tarzan of the Andes, see?" Max was warming up. "I'm putting the gloves on the Missing Link for the edification of the fans. Max Karash, dissatisfied with the contests local boys put up, intends to sign a vicious native." He stopped, suddenly struck by another thought. "Don't they have natives in Mexico?"



"I hope you don't mind," Montezuma said, "I'm teaching her Spanish dancing."

"Every country has natives," I said.

"Good," Max said. "I might bring one back."

"I might myself," I said.

"Don't you do it," Cal said, and kissed me. "Lay off those peons, Irish. I'm a jealous man."

The last we saw of him, he was still standing by the gate. He hadn't kissed me since Christmas, and then it took mistletoe and three Tom and Jerrys, so I left sort of excited.

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES

When we got to Mexico City we discovered Cal hadn't just stood there waving. A copy of a New York newspaper arrived in our mail at the hotel. Across the sports page was a banner line:

MAX KARASH OFF TO SEEK
AZTEC SUPERMAN!

"Good old Cal," Max said. "There is a liar with a gift for words."

"Remember you wanted to forget the Marquis of Queensberry," I said. "Let's not start touring the gymnasiums, if they have any here."

"Certainly not," Max replied. "All we got to do is keep our eyes open for a native."

Keeping our eyes open, we saw the Zocalo and the Alameda, Chapultepec Castle and the floating gardens of Xochimilco. Max learned how to say Popocatepetl and I met an oil man who thought he could break the bottleneck of my defense against him. The city was wonderful, the weather ideal, and oil man was rich. Even Max seemed contented.

Then one day we went to a *corrida,* which is another name for a big-league bullfight. In the *barrera* we met a character named Acey Martini, a broken-down gambler. He was an old friend of Max. I kept my eyes closed after the first horse got his from the bull, but I could hear Max and Acey talking.

"This is a very engrossing spectacle," Max said, "but I would rather see these young boys out there acquiring the fundamentals of defending themselves in fisticuffs. How many times in a saloon would you be required to fight a drunk bull?"

"Your remark gives me an inspiration," Acey said. "Did you ever hear of a bull poked in the kisser?"

"No."

"Bend your ear," Acey said. "I got a true story for you."

He went into a long song and dance about a guy who lived in a village out in the country. It appeared the people in this place had an amateur night every so often for would-be bullfighters, in the daytime. The streets were blocked off and a young bull was turned loose. Everybody that had an old cape and wanted to make the Mexican Major Bowes' unit came out and made a few passes at the bull as he went by. They used sticks for swords, and it was all in fun. Occasionally some guy got walked on or his ribs busted, but that was only for laughs.

"Well," Acey said, "not long ago they are doing this stunt and a little kid decides to try his luck. He gets his dogs wound up in his cape and goes down. The bull is giving him an awful working over. The townspeople is reluctant to interfere on account of the bull has lost his temper. A big guy comes along, resents the tactics the bull is using, and lands several right on his lug. The bull hits the deck for a good long count."

"We had to come clear to Mexico," I said, without opening my eyes, "to get the Latin version of that old chestnut about the guy who flattens the horse."

"It's true, so help me," Acey said.

"If this guy can hit a bull as hard as you can throw it," I said, "I want to see him."

"So do I," Max said. "It is well known that a boy with dynamite in his hands can flatten our four-legged friends. Acey, could you arrange an interview for me with this slugger?"

That involved some negotiation. Acey could get him for fifty bucks, cash in advance. Being a hard man with a dollar, let alone fifty, Max took considerable persuading. Hours later—long after the bullfight I never saw—he got Acey down to forty dollars and paid him. Acey departed.

"THERE'S the last you'll ever see of your money," I said, "unless you follow him to the gambling joint he's heading for right now."

"Every talent scout," Max said, "has to take certain risks. Suppose Acey's whole nature has changed and he is honest? I might get me a native that could defeat some of our best pugilists. Knocking down a man is no trick at all after you have cuffed a few bulls."

"Did you ever see a bull," I asked, "that kept his left out and hid his chin behind his shoulder?"

To my astonishment, Acey returned two days later with the guy. He was as big as a house and much better proportioned. His face was handsome, his shoulders broad, his hips narrow, his muscles strips of steel, and he was tanned all over. Only defects were a slightly flattened nose and one puffy ear he said he got falling from a horse.

His name was Montezuma Webster, and he was a simple child of nature. His mother had been Spanish, his father an American. He admitted having slapped the bull to sleep. Although ignorant, he knew what girls were, all right. He kept looking at me while he talked to Max.

"I am Max Karash, the world-famous entrepreneur," Max said, "and this is Janie O'Brien, my secretary. Listen. Would you be interested in engaging in contests with other boys for big money?"

"Not much," Montezuma said. "I'm happy where I am. Money doesn't mean anything to me." He looked at me again. "Gee, you're pretty. Red hair and blue eyes. I like that combination."

"If you sign up with me," Max said, "naturally you will see a lot of Janie."

They argued for an hour or so, and Acey joined in on Max's side. Montezuma's future was painted in glowing colors. I smiled at him steadily. The altitude in Mexico City must have gotten Max, because he finally had the simple native signing a contract in which Max only received thirty per cent of the purses and paid Montezuma fifty dollars a week until he got him a fight.

"This is the start of a great enterprise," Max said. "I want to congratulate myself. I will give this boy everything Tunney had except Shakespeare."

"Thanks," Montezuma said. "What are you doing tonight, Janie?"

"That's my business," I said.

"Don't talk that way to our boy," Max told me. "He is one of the firm now. You have a date with him. I'm giving you the night off."

"O. K., Monty," I said. "Call me up later."

He went away with Acey, pausing

to blow me a kiss from the doorway. I turned to Max.

"Listen," I said. "Are you getting punch-drunk? That was one of the worst deals you ever made. How do you know that guy can fight his way out of a wet paper bag?"

"I have a funny glow all over," Max said. "I think I have got a white hope. Max Karash is on the brink of another great step forward in the world of fisticuffs. That native will be dynamite."

"He's not a native!"

"He's half native."

"Where did he get that tin ear and broken bugle? Did you ever think of that?"

"He fell off a horse," Max replied. "Didn't you hear him say so?"

"That doesn't mean anything."

"Janie," Max said, "I am the head brains. You let me do the heavy thinking. All you got to do is lure the boy. Keep him contented. He must not want to leave you."

I spent the next two days with Montezuma, not counting the evenings. He wasn't a bad native, everything considered, and I grew to like him in a moderate sort of way. Aside from a slight tendency to wrestle, he was a perfect gentleman. But something about him worried me. He didn't quite add up.

The third day we left. Max wired ahead to Cal, giving him the details on our white hope. He met us at the airport, accompanied by newspapermen and photographers, and genuflected three times before Max.

"The Grand High Lama of Lam!" he said. "Where is Gargantua?"

I shoved Montezuma forward. He took all the kidding and photographing good-naturedly, and I could see he was making a nice impression. Only Cal seemed displeased by him.

"The boy," Max said, "is practically the terror of Mexico. Killer Montezuma, I call him. He goes around poking bulls for the fun of it."

"Cops?" a news hawk said.

"Not those kind," Max said. "These are real bulls. He is a primeval contestant. We are not afraid of anybody, and our greatest wish is for a bloody encounter with the present holder of the world's heavyweight title, except that he is in the army. In addition—"

"That's enough, Max," Cal said, shutting him off. "The boys get your drift." He turned to me. "Welcome home, beautiful."

Then he kissed me. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Montezuma jerk. "Hey!" Montezuma said.

"He's been like a brother to me," I said, pushing Cal away. "You wouldn't want me to be rude to my family, would you?"

"That's different," Montezuma said. "Maybe he can be my brother-in-law after a while."

SEEING Cal again was a whiff of oxygen for me. My heart started doing business at the same old stand. Still, there was some pleasure in seeing how Cal stared at us on the ride to Max's hotel. His eyes looked green to me, and I decided to go a couple of more rounds with Montezuma, just in case. Cal had been giving me the usual Broadway tumble for a couple of years, with a lot of conversation and no results. Montezuma might be the right kind of needling for him.

We had a long talk in Max's suite. Cal questioned Montezuma for any angles he could get on him. Afterward I fixed up the magnificent native with a room and went to the office with Cal.

"I'll start the campaign with the bull story," he said. "It ought to be all right for an opener. How did that guy say he picked up a tin ear?"

"He fell off a horse," I said.

Cal lit a cigarette thoughtfully. "I suppose you *could* fall on your ear. Why do I keep inhaling a faint odor of fish? There's no use asking you."

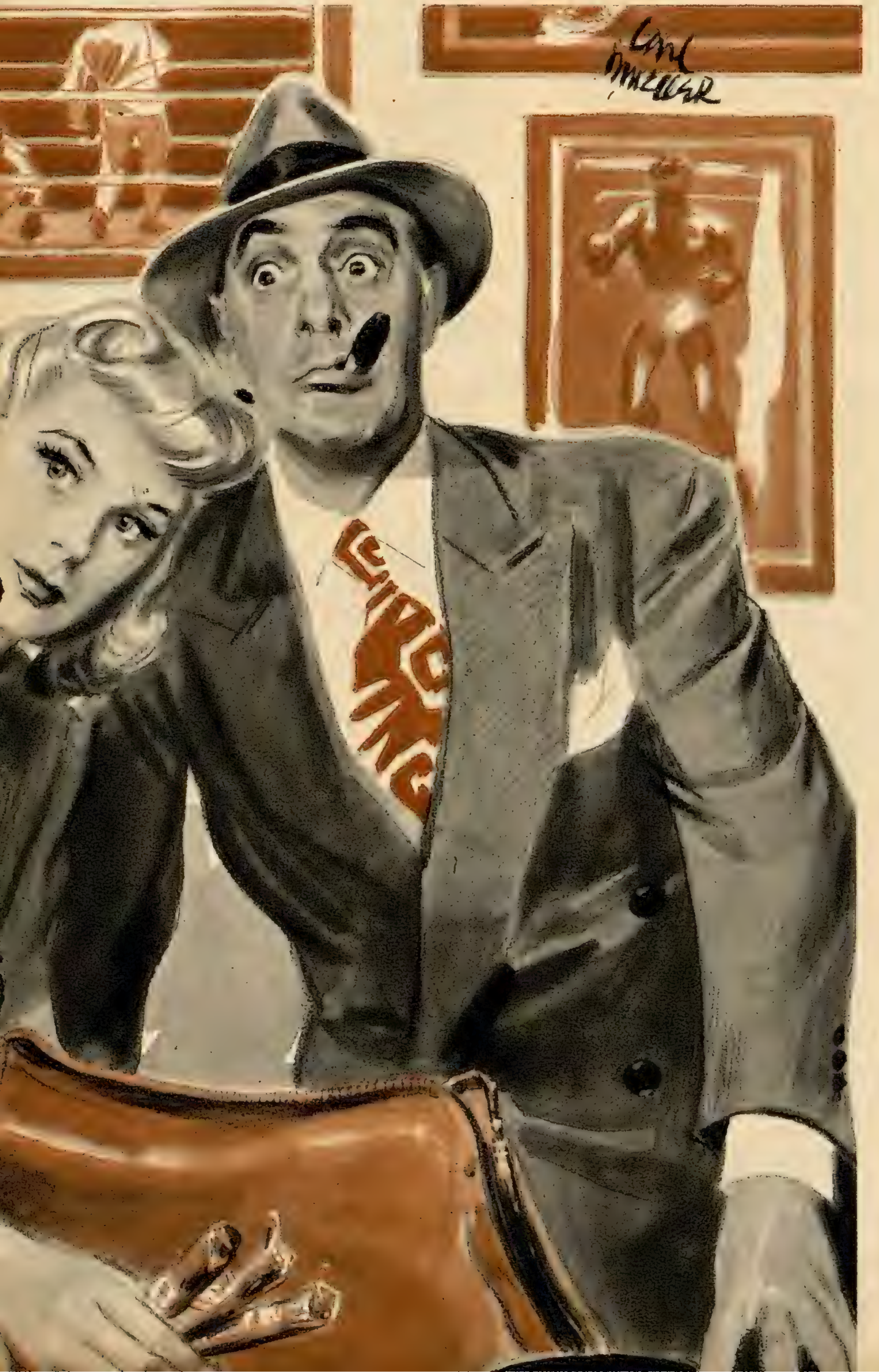
"I think he's wonderful," I said.

Cal gave me some dictation. Then he relaxed and pushed back his hat, revealing a good deal of erosion on his forehead.

"There's one story on Monty I don't want to have to write," he remarked. "His love life."

"Don't you get it?" I said. "He didn't want to come at first. I'm the lure."

"There's double luring going on



**"Aha!" Cal Jordan said. "So the Little Private is running out on the rap, huh?"**

here," Cal said. "And some leering. I resent it."

"I resent your resentment," I said. "What claim have you got on me?"

"None, my good woman. I simply want to keep you from making a fool of yourself over a pair of broad shoulders and a deep tan. If you were a brighter girl I wouldn't have to worry."

"Look, chum. You go your way—and I'll go with Monty."

"Have your fling, child," Cal said. "I'll be standing by to pick you up."

"One of these days," I said, "Mr. and Mrs. Montezuma will be having you over for some hot tamales."

We parted glaring at each other, and that night I went to a movie with Montezuma.

Next day he started working out in the Happy Hours gymnasium. The big boy looked awfully good, and he seemed to learn fast. Max was very pleased.

"This Killer Montezuma," he said, "is a good, willing boy. If he keeps his dukes up and his kisser out of the way, we will win many contests. I want you should keep luring him, Janie. We got to keep him happy."

I lured him for two weeks. Nobody could have called me unsuccessful, but my heart wasn't in it. Cal and I scarcely spoke any more, and I heard rumors of his going out with chorus girls. Men are very delicately adjusted apparatuses. It's no trick at all for some blonde to catch them on the first bounce and apply handcuffs. I grew so worried that, without telling Max, I began avoiding Montezuma.

Meanwhile Cal was doing a marvelous job on him. The bull story did extremely well, and it led to more stuff in the papers. Max read every word. The fearless native looked great in print. As a consequence, the news of my neglect of him came as a terrible shock to Max. He called me on the carpet.

"JANIE," he said, "there is nothing worse in an employee than disloyalty. Here I am straining every nerve to build Killer Montezuma into a big attraction, and behind my back you are giving him the brush. Is that good?"

"My private life's my own," I said.

Max beat himself on the chest. "Am I asking for much? All you got to do is make the boy contented. A person is either loyal or she ain't."

"Why should I have to keep watch over him?"

"'Why?' she asks," Max said. "I'll tell you why. Because that native is out in night clubs. He is dancing and maybe taking a drink. Probably he smokes and eats. I am facing ruin because my secretary does not take enough interest to watch over him. A few hours a night, but she hasn't got time!"

"All right," I said. "Stop hollering. I'll go with him tonight."

I went over to the gym and made the date. Montezuma didn't seem particularly overjoyed. It burned me a little.

"Don't get the idea I'm doing this for fun," I said. "I've been ordered to shadow you. If you have plans that don't include me, please go and tell Max."

"Why, of course they include you," Montezuma said. "The only thing is, you'll have to share me with some one else."

Cal hadn't asked me for a date since the World's Fair, but the same afternoon he came in the office and aloofly requested the pleasure of my company at a musical that night. I had to choose my words carefully.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm tied up tonight. How about tomorrow night?"

## THOSE WHO DANCE

The thing about love—
    Its joys, its thrills;
The thing about dentists'
    And doctors' bills—
Is, when the time comes
    For a reckoning,
You're sorry you ever
    Started the thing.

—*EVELYNE LOVE COOPER.*

"Who are you tied up with?"

"I'm working."

"With Max?"

"Not exactly," I said. "As a matter of fact, I've been told to convoy Monty through a few saloons."

"That's swell," Cal said. "This is the end, Janie. I can see we have come to the parting of the ways over that Pan-American palooka. Goodby, with my blessings, and I hope all your little ones wear sombreros and speak pure Inca."

He bolted out and left me weeping.

The first place Montezuma took me on the escorted tour was a joint on Fifty-ninth Street featuring enchiladas and the rhythms of Old Spain. We settled down there for the evening, and I understood why when the show started. A dark passionate-looking dame named Conchita came out, blew a kiss to Montezuma, and did a genuine hidalgo muscle dance.

"I hope you don't mind," Montezuma said. "I'm teaching her Spanish dancing."

After her act Conchita sat at our table. She was as pleased with me as the G-men are with a saboteur.

"What's your interest in my boy friend?" she asked. "Personal or business?"

"Business," I said.

"Remember that, honey," she said. "You got just the right length hair for pulling."

I could see they wanted to be alone, so shortly after that I left. Intending to have a showdown with Max about Montezuma, I returned to the hotel. But Max wasn't around.

IN the morning I entered the office with blood in my eye. Max had a cigar in his mouth and his hat on.

"Come to the gym with me," he said. "I am testing our boy. Jimmy Dugan is going a few rounds with him."

"Wait a minute," I said. "First we're due to have an understanding on how I spend my nights."

"Later," Max said, "later. If the Killer don't murder Dugan we will have no grounds for a discussion."

Dugan was a tough trial horse, and good enough to show up a fighter who didn't have what it takes. Montezuma got in the ring with him appearing a trifle preoccupied. The reason for his worry was soon apparent. Dugan slammed him all over the place. After two rounds Montezuma was either running like a deer or hanging on. Max stopped the slaughter and sent both boys to the showers.

"Such is life," he said, and sighed. "A boy that can lick a bull can't necessarily lick a man."

"The only difference is," I said, "the bull didn't get a contract."

"We will get the native some fights," Max said, "like we promised. As soon as his head is knocked off, he'll be glad to get his fare back to Mexico."

We returned to the office. Max lit another cigar and patted me on the shoulder.

"Janie," he said, "if you take my advice, you will give that boy up. He can't take a punch."

Shortly after, Cal came in. He seemed very pleased with himself. I gave him my biggest smile.

"Would you be interested to know," I said, "that the Inca just took a pasting from Jimmy Dugan?"

"It is no surprise to me, Miss O'Brien," Cal replied. "May I see Mr. Karash. I wish to cram my resignation down his throat."

"Resignation? What happened?"

"Nothing special. I just don't like the class of people one meets in this line of work."

"Go right in, you silly ape," I said. "I hope your resignation is accepted."

He went inside and slammed the door. I heard Max hollering, as I had expected. Then there was a period of quiet, and Max made a telephone call. Suddenly Cal appeared, pale and angry.

"I trust you are through," I said.

"Not quite," Cal said. "I'll keep my mouth shut. You can depend on that. I'll even send you a present. But there is one luxury I'm not going to deny myself. Effective immediately, I'm going up and knock that bum out of his socks!"

He rushed out before I could stop him. Needing explanations, I headed into Max's office. He was sitting at his desk, as white as Cal had been.

"Is everybody nuts?" I said. "What's going on here?"

Max clutched at his hair. "A terrible thing has happened, Janie. Cal was suspicious of Montezuma, and he got sore because of you. He went out and dug up the native's history—and he ain't any native. He's a bum that used to fight under the name of Terry Phillips and went to Mexico. That Acey Martini's in town, and Cal found him. He got Acey drunk and discovered the whole plot."

"Plot?"

"What's happened to me," Max said, "shouldn't happen to a whole kennel. Montezuma and Acey are in this together. Acey was the finger man."

"Make sense!" I said. "How can they have a plot?"

"They've got a contract with me, ain't they? I have to pay Montezuma fifty bucks a week until I get him a fight. And I can't get him a fight! He's advertised as a native, and somebody is sure to find him out. I can't stand another scandal like that—so I go on paying him forever. He's got an annuity! I just called Acey and he says a contract is a contract. He gets a cut from Montezuma."

"Where does Cal come into this?"

"He quit and was going to expose the native."

"You talked him out of it?"

"I used a trick," Max said. "I knew you wouldn't care. I told him you were going to marry Montezuma. I begged him not to expose the native for the sake of your happiness."

"So that's it!" I said. "You snake in the grass! Maybe you'd like to hear that Cal has gone up to the hotel to knock the native loose from his bridgework."

"What!" Max almost leaped over his desk. "That's terrible! It'll get in the papers!"

"And Cal will get in the hospital," I said. "He weighs a hundred and sixty pounds in his camel's-hair overcoat. That bum will kill him."

"Come on," Max said. "We got to stop it."

We raced out, caught a cab, and rode to the hotel. No cops stood outside Montezuma's door, so we thought there might have been a negotiated peace. The room was empty and gave no signs of a struggle. We cased the hotel and made discreet inquiries. Montezuma had been in, and an elevator boy remembered taking Cal up to his floor. But there the trail ended. They had disappeared in thin air. We returned to the office, and I telephoned the hospitals and police stations. None of them had booked either Cal or Montezuma.

## PROPOSITION

Darling, our lives will be happy
and gay,
I'll give you no reason to doubt
me.
Whatever you do will be very O. K.
So long as you don't do without
me.

—*RONNIE LEWSON.*

"My theory is," Max said, "one boy killed the other boy and is at present disposing of the body. All we got to do is sit and wait."

We sat and waited four days. Not a word came through. Max grew perceptibly thinner, and I thought I could see gray at my temples. And then Cal walked in the office. He had on an army uniform. I yelled for Max, began to cry, and ended up in Cal's arms.

"I'm at Fort Dix," he said, "and I have a swell commanding officer. He gave me leave to get married. You don't care for long engagements, do you?"

"This is war," I said. "Let's go."

"My boy," Max said, "have a cigar. I'm proud of you. What did you do with that bum?"

"I went up to punch him in the nose," Cal said. "He didn't want to fight or marry Janie. He said if I wanted to fight so much, why didn't I join the army. I asked the big bum why he wasn't in himself. He said he'd join if I did. So we went out and joined."

"Got himself a fight, huh?" Max said. "A main event. Here, have another cigar, Cal. I'm going to hold your job open till you get back."

THE END

This Thin Gillette Blade's plenty tough . . .
It stands up where the going's rough!
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1. WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges

2. APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, dip your brush in water frequently

3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves

4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

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# ARE YO

### Ever hear of "apportionment" and "gerrymandering"? They are depriving millions of Americans of a full voice in government

### BY VOLTA TORREY

WHEN I voted last November 3 in New York City my vote carried only one twelfth as much weight as the vote of one of my friends. There are more than 850,000 people in the congressional district where I live, and only about 70,000 in the district where he lives. Despite the difference in population, each district sent, of course, *one* representative to Washington.

The votes of some citizens of Cleveland for a congressman last November 3 mattered only half as much as the votes of their neighbors across the street. In Chicago, some votes were worth only one eighth as much as others.

These inequalities result from the fact that the American people have been moving around faster than congressional districts have been altered. It took about 2,000,000 votes to elect some congressmen this year, but only a few thousand to elect others.

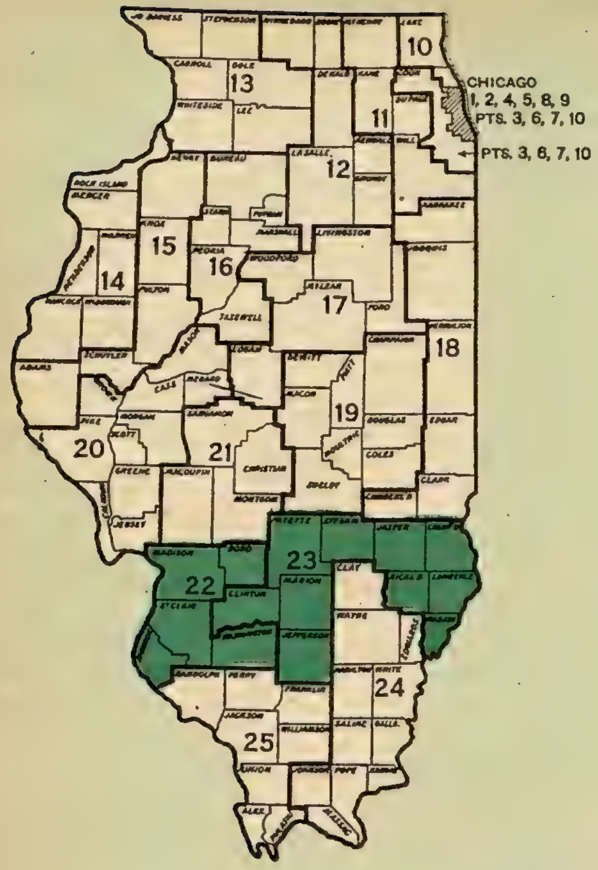
That will still be true in 1944 if more of the people who are being cheated do not start to squawk, pronto. Entrenched state political machines don't want fair apportionment; it hurts their business. But if you want your vote to carry its full weight in directing the affairs of your country, you must demand it.

The Constitution requires that a census be taken every ten years to determine how many representatives should come from each state. It was *left to the states to decide how those representatives should be apportioned among the people within the states.*

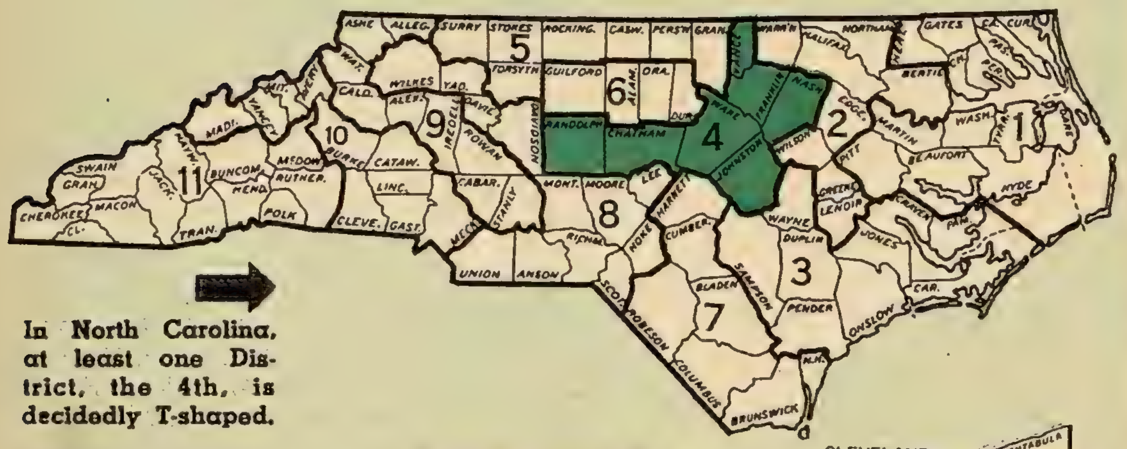
The censuses have been taken faithfully, but some of the most populous states ignore the results. There has been no redivision of Ohio since 1913. There has been no reapportionment of Illinois since 1901. In New York we elected our new congressmen this year on the basis of an apportionment made in 1911.

In that year New York was entitled to only forty-three representatives. New York still has only forty-three congressional districts. To give the state its proper number of representatives, two are elected "at large"—that is, by the people of the whole state. That makeshift adds several names to our ballots unnecessarily and increases the voters' confusion. Moreover, it increases the political

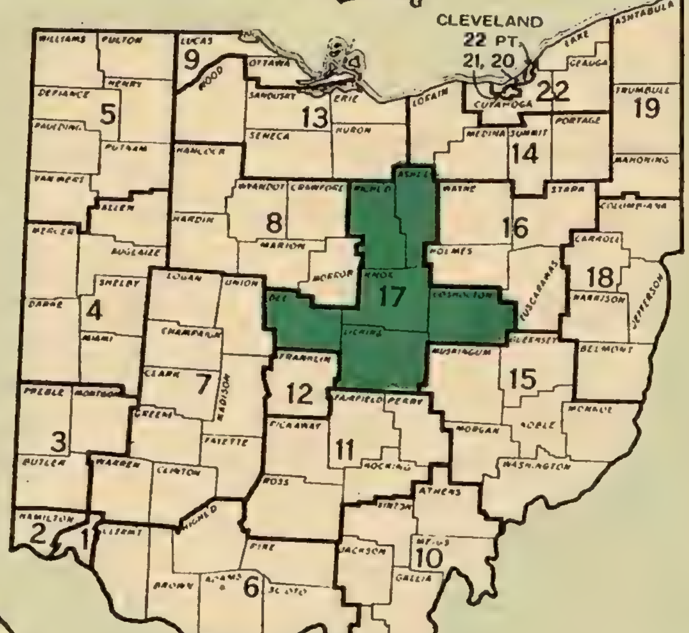
READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES



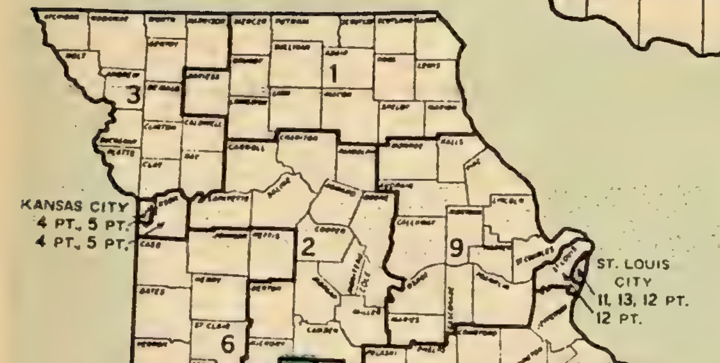
Some congressional apportioning makes the maps fantastic. Illinois's 22d and 23d Congressional Districts are like dumbbells in shape.



In North Carolina, at least one District, the 4th, is decidedly T-shaped.



The 17th Ohio District with its six counties looks on a map like a cross.



The 7th Missouri District, like one or two others, is quaintly U-shaped.

# EING ROBBED OF YOUR VOTE?

bosses' power—which is one reason why New York keeps on doing it.

The candidates for representative at large from New York this year were nominated at state conventions. The delegates, some of them, did not even know they were supposed to choose congressmen. But the bosses knew it, and did it.

At the Democrats' convention in Brooklyn, nominations for the two extra congressmen were made by Jim Farley and a few cronies while most of the delegates were out to dinner. They nominated a woman because they did not have a woman running for any other office, and nominated a man in payment of a political debt.

At the Republicans' convention in Saratoga Springs, the congressional selections were not made until most of the delegates had taken the train for home. The bosses nominated a pretty girl for Congress to decorate their state ticket. The other nomination was calculated to appease party voters who didn't like their candidate for governor.

Such political horse-trading would not have been possible if New York had been accurately divided into congressional districts. New York governors—Alfred E. Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Herbert H. Lehman—fought for reapportionment for years. The Legislature finally agreed on a plan to do it—in 1944.

During the campaign huddles this fall there were whispers about having the Legislature postpone it again. One old Tammany gent solemnly told me: "We shouldn't bother about such things during a war." The fact is, it might help us win the war by showing the world that we were practicing as well as spouting democracy.

In Illinois, the people have been allowed to nominate candidates for representative at large. But the results have been even worse than when the bosses did it. The ballots, already much too long, are now so long in Illinois that the temptation to vote a straight ticket and relax is terrific. By running for representative at large a man could get his name printed on a sheet of paper that all the voters in his party would see. This encouraged obscure persons to run for Congress just to advertise themselves.

Stephen A. Day, an Illinois congressman who let himself be duped into helping spread the Axis propaganda line, got to Congress by his persistence in running and getting beaten. His name became so familiar to voters that they finally elected him! If he had gone to Congress as the sole representative of 300,000 people, his constituents might have kept tab on his behavior. As a congressman at large, he was responsible to millions, who had too many congressmen to watch to give him proper attention.

But the act of reapportioning itself provides opportunities for a kind of political trickery you should watch for—gerrymandering.

In recent Presidential elections Massachusetts, one of the states reapportioned in 1942, went Democratic by small margins. So you would have expected Massachusetts to send at least as many Democrats as Republicans to Congress. Actually, in the Congress elected in 1940, Massachusetts was represented by nine Republicans and six Democrats. Under the new apportionment, the Republicans did even better this year. It looks as if Massachusetts had been gerrymandered.

This is one of the oldest tricks in politics. To perform it, the politicians in power find out where their partisans are most numerous. Then they split the state into districts so as to enclose majorities for their party in as many districts as possible, and give their opponents majorities in as few as possible. Difficult work, but it pays well. It results in maps that are utterly fantastic. The Seventeenth Ohio District is shaped like a cross. The Fourth North Carolina District is T-shaped. The ninth New York District is Y-shaped. The Seventh Missouri District is U-shaped. The Second New York District resembles an hourglass. Several districts look like dumbbells. Mississippi once had a district that was 300 miles long and only 20 miles wide.

This sort of monkey business, of course, makes it hard for people to find out which district they live in and plays hob with truly democratic functioning of the two-party system. But these complicated layouts are fine blueprints for political machines.

Whenever the cards are stacked to favor one party, the primaries of that party are more important than the general elections, since whoever is nominated is elected. Yet many good citizens fail to vote in the primaries of the party that predominates in their district. Consequently they are virtually deprived of a voice in the affairs of their government. If you live in a gerrymandered district, vote in the primary of the dominant party, whether you prefer it or not. Then your vote really counts.

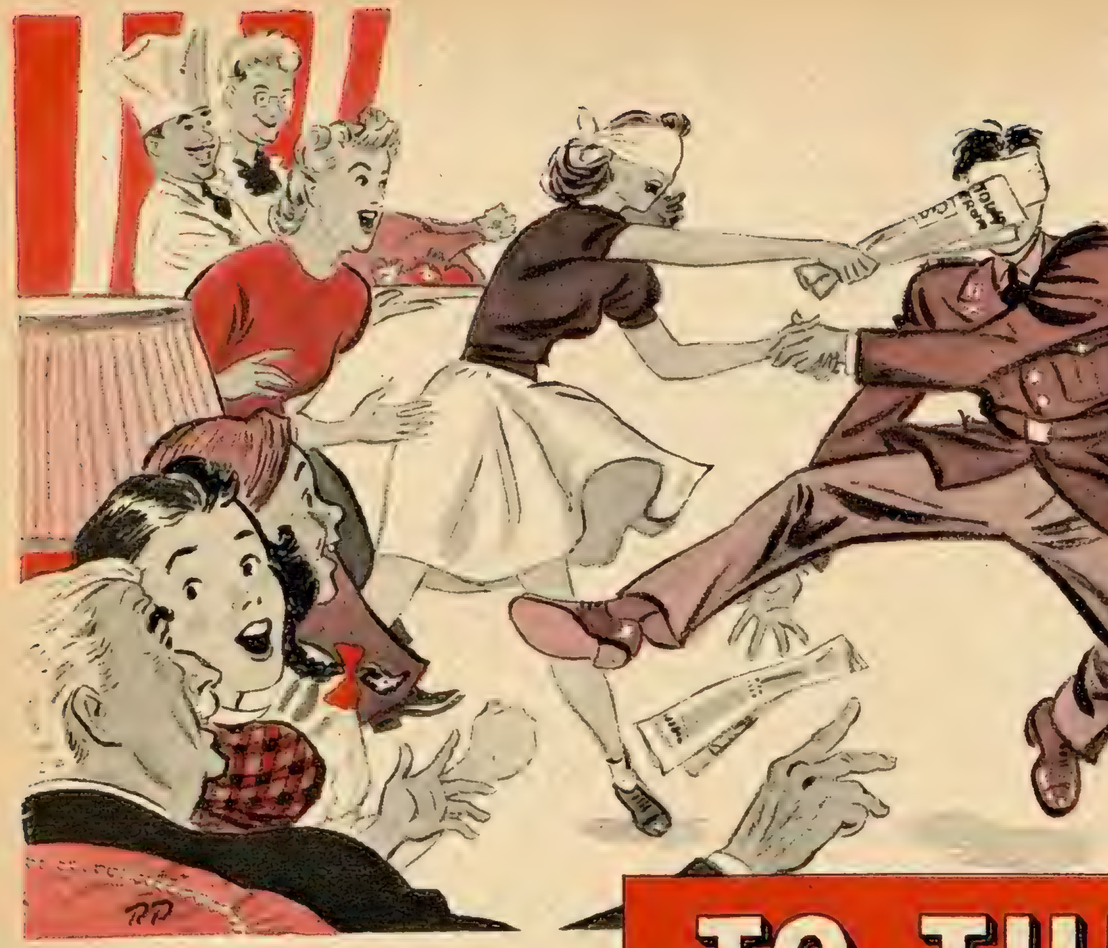
It takes time to work out new apportionments, and more time to get them put into effect. The sooner you begin to think and talk about fair representation, the sooner you will get it. In a good many states where districting is bad, there is a strong movement afoot to correct it.

The congressional election two years from now will be far more important than the one held last November. To make sure your vote will be worth as much as any one else's, get busy and inquire into the districting of your state. Ask your state legislators about it. If they hedge, put on the pressure. Your right to make your vote count is at stake.

THE END

DEWEY
QUE ENS
DEWEY
SARA TOGA
JEFFE RSON
DEWEY

The New York State conventions, Republican (left) and Democratic, at which candidates for representative at large were nominated.



Every Christmas at Gracie Fields' they play a roughhouse Lancashire game, Brother Bill, Are You There?

# TO THE LADIES

## BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

A MERRY description of Christmas at her house was given to me the other day by Gracie Fields, merriest of entertainers. Her Lancashire dialect is as delightful to hear in private as on the stage and screen and radio. . . . "Sisters, brothers, nephews, nieces," she said, "the whole clan of us, come galumphing home to California for Christmas. Mom makes the puddings. Monte roasts the turkeys." (That's Gracie's film-producing husband, Monte Banks.) "He puts oomph into everything he cooks," she said. "Last Christmas he and I dashed across the continent lugging the only platter we could find that was big enough to serve two turkeys at once." . . . For exercise before dinner they all play a roughhouse Lancashire game called *Brother Bill, Are You There?* "Two blindfolded kids stand at arms' length," Gracie explained. "Clasping left hands, they try to slosh each other with rolled-up newspapers. Then the up-growns must have a go at it." *Slosh* and *up-growns* are two of Gracie's Lancashire words. "Dad sits in a corner," she says, "crooning the songs I used to sing when I was a little girl. He remembers them all." . . . For herself, declares Gracie, "The most fun of the day is to get in the kitchen and wash the dishes. I love to plow through the mountain of them, and leave everything tidy and nice." . . . Gracie Fields was born at Rochdale, Lancashire, England. She was really Grace Stansfield by name. Her Lancashire way of answering the telephone tickles me. She doesn't say hello. In the sweetest singsong I ever heard, Gracie says, "What's to do?"

THIS year's Christmas cards by the American Artists Group are handsome as ever, the work of foremost designers and illustrators, and surprisingly inexpensive. There are excellent service cards for the army and navy, dignified and appropriate. Army and navy cards cost ten cents apiece.

THIS is a good time of year to renew old friendships. I know two famous cartoonists, living in the same suburb, who let their friendship go to seed through sheer neglect until recently, when both found they had the same gardener taking part-time care of their grounds. To one he would say, "Mr. W.'s trees are ailing." To the other he'd say, "Mr. C.'s hedges look bad." The two artists began sending words of advice through their mutual gardener. Soon they phoned, met, and were pals again. Gardens and holidays are blessed with this gift for bringing old friends together.

GOOD scents for Christmas gifting: Old South Perfumers' simple fragrances in handmade bottles, *Plantation Garden* and *Woodland Spice* ($1 and up). . . . Languorous *Shantung*, by Charles of the Ritz (purse size, $1.50). . . . Beauty Counselors' refreshing *'Tis of Thee* cologne ($2). Lenthéric's provocative *Anticipation* in fluted bottle with silvered top, suitable for any time of day (from $2.50). . . . Worth's light, elusive *Je Reviens*—I'll Be Back—in elegant circular blue flask (from $3). . . . Charbert's heady *Breathless* in a gay cherry-red box (from $3). . . . Suzanne's mischievous *Secret of Suzanne* in a pretty flask of tiered crystal (also from $3). . . . For evening glamour, Helena Rubinstein's *Slumber Song* in a gift bottle shaped like an angel (from $5). . . . *May Morning*, delicate out-of-doors odor by Esmé of Paris, small bottle attached to a sachet in form of a white-satin horse ($5). . . . Babani's two unforgettable super-scents, *Secret of Princess Nefertiti* and *Ming* (from $15). . . . These two by Babani are available in daytime cologne (from $1.50).

**READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES**

A TAXICAB driver, roughly dressed for work, went to the perfume department of a de luxe New York emporium and said, "I want a bottle of perfume like Lady Gosford buys." A clerk looked up the account; found it referred to Mildred, Countess of Gosford, who was living on Park Avenue and using Atkinson's Gold Medal cologne, imported from London, sold in this country at $2.50 the bottle. Taxi man took one. "Is it for Lady Gosford?" the clerk inquired. "No," said the taxi man, "it's for my wife. I can't stand the smell of my wife's perfume. Lady Gosford rode in my cab yesterday and I liked the smell of hers. Asked her what perfume it was. She said she couldn't remember the name, but she told me you'd know, since she buys it from you. So I came in to get some of the same for the wife."

HERE are two *sugarless* sauces for Christmas pudding: (1) *Eggnog Sauce*, made by mixing 1 cup milk, ½ cup maple syrup, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 egg yolks. Cook over hot water till thick, stirring well. When cool add 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup whipped cream, ½ cup rye or Bourbon whisky. . . . (2) *Tipsy Snow Sauce*. To ½ cup heavy cream add stiffly beaten white 1 egg, 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel. Chill very cold in glass dish. Just before serving, quickly mix in 2 tablespoons corn syrup and 2 tablespoons sherry.

ONE rich society dame, conservation-minded, is giving candle molds to all her friends this Christmas. O. K. if she sticks War Bonds in 'em. Remember a War Bond makes the best Christmas present for man, woman, or child.

Laraine Day and Robert Young in the poignant Journey for Margaret. The children are Billy Severn and Margaret O'Brien, both aged five.

# CANDID CLOSE-UPS

## OF PICTURES AND PERSONALITIES

### BY BEVERLY HILLS

*Innocents in a Holocaust:*

### JOURNEY FOR MARGARET

ONE of the better books to come out of World War II has now become a fine motion picture. Journey for Margaret, W. L. White's tremendously touching account of the effects of war's horrors upon today's children, has been adapted and produced with reverent regard for its tender theme, and the result is an outstanding screen drama, ranking with Mrs. Miniver as a poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust.

The setting is London at the time of the big blitz. After a rather dull and laborious beginning which serves to introduce Robert Young as an American newspaper correspondent, and Laraine Day as his wife, the stage is set for the entrance of the two wonderful youngsters around whom the story revolves. Pitiful victim of an air raid is Peter (Billy Severn), who is rescued from the ruins still clutching a woolly toy lamb, his last tie with the home and family he once had. Peter, and later Margaret, the problem child of a home for dazed blitz babies, move right into the journalist's heart, and he finds himself dedicating his life to their recovery and happiness.

Along with the strong emotional pull of the situation are scenes of charming comedy when Young makes an attempt to take his two small charges to a good home for adoption. Are the kids interested in the fine food and presents their prospective foster parents have for them? Not at all. When Young tries to leave them there, the boy and girl make veritable flying tackles and cling for dear life until he gives in and takes them back with him. His big problem is still to come. Going back to America, he wants to take both children along, but there is room for only one small passenger. The boy or the girl? You must see for yourself.

The performances are perfection—just that. Margaret O'Brien is amazingly good as the five-year-old whose pent-up fears lead to a scene of such hysteria as few mature actresses could manage. The only possible conclusion is that little O'Brien is the new child wonder, and we hope she will always be lucky enough to draw a W. S. Van Dyke as her patient director.

Little Billy Severn as Peter wrings your heart to look at him; and when he croons "Oh, lamb," you can't be blamed if you reach for your handkerchief—again. Robert Young seems to be on his mettle working with such gifted children, and is consequently either inspired or irritated into giving a splendid performance. Fay Bainter as the directress of the children's home, Laraine Day as the wife, Nigel Bruce as the family friend make a cast worthy of their picture.

Tear jerker? Call it that if you like. But a tear jerker so beautifully and tactfully devised that you will hardly be ashamed to be caught wiping your eyes occasionally.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

*Personality of the Week:*

### MARGARET O'BRIEN

SIGN of the times is Hollywood's latest amazing moppet, five-year-old Margaret O'Brien. No curly-haired beauty—just a plain pigtailed youngster—yet Margaret was chosen from more than 1,500 applicants in the juvenile Scarlett O'Hara competition for the lead role in M-G-M's Journey for Margaret.

The original Margaret of Mr. White's book is now living with the Whites in America. Her parents were killed by Nazi bombs. The cinema Margaret is the daughter of a dancer known on the stage as Gladys Flores. Mrs. O'Brien retired eight years ago to coach her younger sister, Marissa Flores, now a well known dancer who has appeared at the Waldorf-Astoria

NOTHING CUTE ABOUT A COUGH (DUE TO A COLD)

TRADE MARK

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

When a cough due to a cold plagues you—it's just common sense-ible to trust America's most famous cough drops for quick relief. Smith Brothers contain a soothing blend of medicinal ingredients —blended with prescription care. And they still cost only 5¢. Why pay more?

BLACK OR MENTHOL 5¢

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

*You profit two ways:*

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

*by BUYING WAR BONDS!*

*Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!*

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Margaret O'Brien, chosen from more than 1,500 applicants for her war-orphan role.

in New York and the Hollywood Bowl. Marissa is reciprocating by teaching interpretive dancing to her suddenly famous small niece.

Young Margaret of Hollywood made her initial appearance before movie cameras in Babes on Broadway, with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. She had already posed for photographers and is probably our youngest Cover Girl. She also has made several radio broadcasts. Since Journey for Margaret was previewed and the child's performance acclaimed, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has astutely signed her to a long-term contract. She's just forty-three inches tall and weighs forty pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes—not a very special-looking youngster, but with a very special appeal.

Her greatest fan, so far, is Jack Benny. He spied her in a Hollywood café where her mother had taken her as a reward for her work in the picture. Margaret told him she had seen him fall into the water in a picture. "Me?" said Jack. "That must have been Bob Hope's picture." "Is he a comedian, too?" Margaret asked. Now Benny is more than ever her slave.

### RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

Happy Go Lucky, The Black Swan, White Cargo, You Were Never Lovelier, I Married a Witch, Springtime in the Rockies, For Me and My Gal, The Hard Way, George Washington Slept Here, Flying Tigers, The Glass Key, The Road to Morocco, My Sister Eileen, The Moon and Sixpence, Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, The Major and the Minor, Somewhere I'll Find You, Wake Island, The War Against Mrs. Hadley.

---

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 39

1. Punt, a football term. The others are used in bowling.
2. Holstein, a cow.
3. Winston Churchill.
4. To increase representation according to population growth.
5. A diamond.
6. Shoulder insignia.
7. Working on a water system.
8. A large tree.
9. No; he is a married man.
10. He has bitterly attacked direction of our Pacific fighting.
11. Franklin D. Roosevelt.
12. Invented by poet William Morris.
13. A character in a Browning poem.
14. An advertising salesman.
15. The Nazis feared occupation would bring on resistance from the French fleet based there. Toulon.
16. A shroud. It refers to a burial place.
17. Because she was delighted to have two shoes instead of one.
18. ". . . roses, roses, and never a spray of yew!" from Matthew Arnold's Requiescat.
19. A baseball player.
20. Regardless. The use of "irregardless" is a common error.

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT—Continued from Page 23

she would go in and see about it in the morning.

"Then—perhaps I could be in the minuet, after all," breathed Tibby, and Aunt Anabel said bless the child, of course she could, and listened to details with remarkable insight and sympathy, and then inquired minutely as to Tibby's preference in color and material, while Dorothea played Boccherini softly at the harpsichord. "That's the one they're going to dance to!" cried Tibby, drawn to the music as if by a magnet. She stood at the end of the keyboard, watching Dorothea's slim fingers.

"Sing something, Dolly," commanded Aunt Anabel.

So Dorothea played Low Down i' the Broom, which was one of Miss Linley's songs, and sang it almost as well as the divine Elizabeth herself. Julian, who thirsted for music always, came and leaned his elbows on the harpsichord, watching Tibby's enchanted face.

Dorothea played without notes, because her lovely nearsighted eyes could not read them as far away as the music rack, which was what gave her that trick of lifting her face like a flower in order to see better. She did it now, looking up at Julian, so that Aunt Anabel put out a satin-shod foot and kicked St. John smartly on the shin and nodded toward the group around the harpsichord, illumined by the candles at either end of the empty music rack.

St. John screwed around in his chair and saw them from a slightly different angle. St. John saw his sister's soft look fixed on Julian while she sang, saw that Julian watched Tibby, saw Tibby's eyes go from rapt contemplation of Dorothea to meet Julian's gaze, saw the intimate smile they exchanged. And a chill doubt ran down St. John's spine. Dorothea and Julian, yes. He would never object to that. You couldn't but love the man. And yet—how old was Tibby? A child. And yet—and yet—

WHEN at last Tibby must tear herself away from the firelight and the music and the loving laughter that made a home like this one, Julian said he would walk along with her. He found her rather silent and inquired why.

"I was thinking how lovely she is," said Tibby. "And how she sang. It must be wonderful to be like that. Do you think she's beautiful?"

"Yes, I suppose she is," he said matter-of-factly, as though he had never given it much thought.

Tibby trudged on, deep in her own reflections.

"What's the matter with you?" he prodded at last. "Are you by any chance breaking the tenth commandment?"

"Yes, I am," she admitted solemnly. "I covet her beauty. And the way she can play and sing, and the lovely clothes she wears, and—and the way she looks at you!"

"Now, whoa!" said Julian firmly. "That's enough. I can't have anything like that. If you said that to anybody but me, it might be misunderstood. You can see that."

"Yes, sir."

"That's the way false impressions sometimes get started—by some one imagining something as harmless as that and mentioning it to the wrong person. Besides, she's very nearsighted and can't see beyond the end of her poor little nose, so you can't really tell how she's looking at anything. About the last thing I expected from you is thoughtless envy of Miss Dorothea."

"I don't envy her. I'm sorry for her."

"Well, I don't see that, either," he said severely as they reached the path which ran down to the cabin. "How can you be sorry for her?"

"Because you're not the least bit in love with her," said Tibby. "Good night, sir. Thank you for seeing me home."

MR. GREENSLEEVES was away in Philadelphia and Mrs. Greensleeves fell ill of a pleurisy two days before the exercises, so the Spragues were to chaperon Regina to Mrs. Hallam's to see Lucinda perform.

"It will be a bit of a squash with our dresses in the coach," Aunt Anabel remarked cheerfully. "The men will have to ride."

But St. John was detained in Richmond when the time came, and Julian was their sole escort. The coach was sent down early for Tibby, and she arrived in Francis Street to find her adopted family waiting in the drawing room.

The new dress was a success, with looped-up panniers and a ruching in the square-cut neck, and Tibby was radiant as she made her curtsy on the threshold. Julian advanced to present her with a small painted fan which had carved ivory sticks and a tassel. Outside, he handed her into the coach with as much ceremony and care as he lavished on Aunt Anabel. As they drove along, she could see him through the window where he rode beside the coach.

When they came to where Regina lived in England Street, Julian dismounted and went inside to fetch her. She was coming down the broad staircase as he entered the hall, which was bright with candlelight. Her hair, nearly as pale as though she wore powder, was dressed high with a smooth curl on her neck. Diamonds glittered on her wrists and at the front of her intricate gown.

He stood waiting at the bottom step, his hat in his hand, the white lining of the cloak outlining his slim height to his heels—and it crossed Regina's mind, not for the first time, that he was the most striking young man in Williamsburg and that they went rather well together.

"You look very solemn this evening," she remarked when he raised

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his head from her fingers. "Shall we be endlessly bored, do you think? Lucinda is quite beside herself with excitement, and I sent her on ahead ten minutes ago with one of the maids, just to be rid of her."

Julian said it was a great occasion for everybody concerned, and inquired politely after her mother.

Regina paused to look up at him in the hall, while the Negro butler held the door.

"Sometime," she said, "you will fail to say exactly the right thing to me, and then I shall know that you're human, after all. Provided, of course, that you are!" And she picked up her hoop and swept past him through the door.

THEY settled themselves on the frail gold chairs in Mrs. Hallam's drawing room and the program began. Some of it was pretty embarrassing, and some of it, like the minuet, was definitely a success.

Later, when the company stood about in talkative groups with plates of creamed oysters and cups of chocolate and punch, Aunt Anabel found Tibby at her side, and asked her if she wasn't ready to go home now. Tibby said she was, and Aunt Anabel glanced at her sharply; for all the sparkle had left her.

"Have you a headache, Tibby?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, what is it? Haven't you had a good time?"

"Yes, thank you," said Tibby politely.

"It's getting late. We'll go now before you fall asleep on your feet." Aunt Anabel glanced about her efficiently for her family. "There's Dorothea, with the Randolphs. Where are the others?" Tibby was silent in an unhappy sort of way, and Aunt Anabel looked at her again, more closely. "Tibby, do you know where the others are?"

"Miss Regina wanted to see where Mr. Day taught us French. So he's showing her the schoolroom."

"But, good gracious me, there's no one in the schoolroom at this time of night!" Aunt Anabel swept toward the hall, across which lay the closed, deserted room where lessons were said each day. Tibby followed at a reluctant distance.

Regina had surrendered to a perverse impulse to get Julian to herself in the shadowy schoolroom. His impervious good manners, belying with every breath he drew the ardor of his honest eyes, challenged and exasperated her. He had never learned the London fashion of easy flirtation, the kiss which fell not on the fingers but the palm, the lightly uttered impudent word which brought hot blood to a woman's cheeks, the ruthless pursuit of a chosen quarry which lent zest and sometimes a thrill of actual fear to the life of a reigning belle. He was altogether too respectful to suit Regina. Nor had he St. John's masterful ways which made of sudden assumed submission an amusing game.

Regina was spoiled, there was no denying. She meant to marry St. John when she got round to it, but she could not for her pride's sake allow his conquest to look too easy.

They found the schoolroom dark, and chilly too, for the fire had been allowed to go out. The candelabra in Julian's hand made a patch of light which wavered in the draft from the hall, and the door swung shut behind him with a click under Regina's hand.

"What a dismal place!" she said, and shivered.

"It's not quite itself tonight, as I warned you." He stood holding the candles until it should be her pleasure to return to the party in the other room. "Why don't you come sometime when we are in session and hear us recite? Tibby's French is really remarkable."

"You know, I'm a little envious of Tibby, I think."

"Of Tibby?" He was lost.

"She has found the way to your heart."

"Well, that's—not difficult, is it?"

"Isn't it?"

She came to stand in front of him, looking up, bathed in yellow light from the candles he held. The brass candelabra was heavy, and he moved to set it on the desk, and she moved with him, so that when his hands were free she still stood within reach.

"You have very little mercy, Regina," he said gravely. "I think, when I have counted ten, we had better go back."

"And in the meantime?" she whispered, and laid her hand on his sleeve.

His fingers closed hard on her shoulders, but his height still kept his mouth from hers.

"Are you going to marry St. John?" he said, very low.

"Well, Julian, really!"

"Because, if you are, what do you want with me? And if you aren't—" The words caught in his throat.

"If I'm not?"

"I think it's time you told him."

"But I haven't told him I would," she whispered, just as the knob turned under Aunt Anabel's hand and Julian stepped back quickly, picking up the candelabra as the door opened.

"Regina? Come, my dear; it's time to go home," said Aunt Anabel crisply, and stood waiting till Regina had passed her through the doorway. And then, lifting her hoop, she turned her back on Julian and shooed her charges toward the cloakroom. Of course, if he had been holding a five-branch candelabra the whole time . . .

WHEN the coach stopped again in England Street and Julian escorted Regina to her door and they waited for it to be opened to them—

"I'm afraid we're in disgrace," she said confidentially, looking up at him. Her eyes were shining, her teeth showed white between her parted lips. "I should not have asked to see the schoolroom," she confessed.

"It seemed a harmless enough request at the time," he said briefly.

"To any one who knows you as well

as I do!" she laughed, her face upturned. The hoop pressed his side.

"Some day," he whispered, "I shall forget to count ten, Regina."

"By then I shall be too old to care, no doubt!"

The rattle of the chain inside the door startled them both, and they drew apart as the widening shaft of light from within fell between them. He bent formally above her hand. The door closed. He was in the saddle again, an angry singing in his ears. She had no right to laugh at him because he had tried to remember St. John, among other things.

Then it was Tibby's turn to be escorted to her door, down the narrow path which led to the cabin.

"Well, Tibby, we were all proud of you," he said affectionately. "I hope that next time you need an extra family you'll let me know."

"Thank you, sir. It was very kind of you to come."

She sounded tired and deflated.

"The fun isn't all over, you know," he said gently. "For you it's just beginning. I'll see to that." His cloak swept the path as he bent and kissed her cheek. "Good night, sweetheart."

He was gone, tall in the moonlight, his step so light it died away at once.

DOROTHEA, who could not see beyond the end of her nose and was spared a great deal as a consequence, had enjoyed herself at the party and was still all a-chatter when they entered the hall in Francis Street.

"Our Tibby is amazing," she said. "She carried the whole thing off to the manner born. Julian, you *are* proud of Tibby, aren't you!"

"I am, very."

"It must be such a satisfaction to you, after all you've done for her, to see her learn so fast. And I'm proud of *you*, too. You took trouble with her," she said warmly, and laid her hand on his sleeve as she passed him toward the stairs. "And I do think it's good of you, Julian, that's all. Good night."

"Good night, Julian," said Aunt Anabel, following her niece, and the look she gave him over her shoulder was not quite as fond as usual. "Will you look at the drawing-room fire, please, before you come up?"

The drawing room was chilly, but Julian stood quite a while with his elbows on the mantelpiece staring down into the embers. She had no right to laugh at him because he had tried to keep his head. Or was it possible, by some miracle, that she didn't intend to marry St. John anyway? Even if she didn't, there was no miracle to change his own meager prospects into a suitable future for them both. He felt again the pressure of her hoop against his side. . . .

But it was Tibby, sliding into innocent sleep under the eaves of the cabin by the Landing, who had his kiss.

*Will Julian yield to Regina despite his friendship with St. John? Sudden events in next week's chapter bring startling changes to minds and hearts.*

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# THE MOVIES IN WARTIME

OCCASIONALLY the American people, acting through their elected representatives or appointed officials, seek to achieve a worthy end by the odd method of placing obstacles in the way of accomplishing it. It's something like trying to win a race by first hobbling the horse.

Daily out of Washington come complaints of the apathy of the American people and the need of awakening them to the issues at stake in this war. Yet these same officials who want to stir the people and set them on fire propose to declare motion-picture making a nonessential industry.

Now, of all the methods by which the people are reached and stimulated, the movies are the most effective by far.

It is not very long since leaders of this industry were hauled on the carpet in Washington, in the infamous "Wheeler Inquisition," to answer questions about the "unneutral" pictures they were producing. Yet these same pictures went far to prepare us spiritually for the war which was to be thrust upon us. How well would we have understood our foes without such films as Escape, Pastor Hall, I Married a Nazi, The Great Dictator, and others?

Since America entered the war, the movies, reaching down into the lives of the simplest and most obscure of our people, have taught us courage, idealism, patriotism, love of liberty, and hate for bulldozing aggression. They have made us understand and feel with a force no other means of public information can equal.

We learned courage, sacrifice, and quiet dignity from Mrs. Miniver. We'll need these badly when the casualty lists mount, as they surely will. We learned strength of heart, patriotic pride, and the spirit that never gives up from Wake Island. Other pictures—such as The Pied Piper, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Sergeant York, and Yankee Doodle Dandy—taught us much about ourselves and about our enemies and gave us a fierce pride in our Americanism and our American way of fighting, winning, and, if need be, dying.

There is no substitute for motion pictures. Neither radio, magazines, newspapers, nor the inspired oratory of our most silver-tongued statesmen can take the place of the living, moving story which unfolds before us in the darkness of the theater, enters into our souls and makes us live and feel the defiance, the courage, the sorrow, the sacrifice, and the sublime glory which is America at war.

Aside from building and sustaining our fighting spirit, the motion-picture industry makes other indispensable contributions to the war effort. It entertains and informs our armed men at home and in combat areas. It helps while away the dull hours on transports at sea.

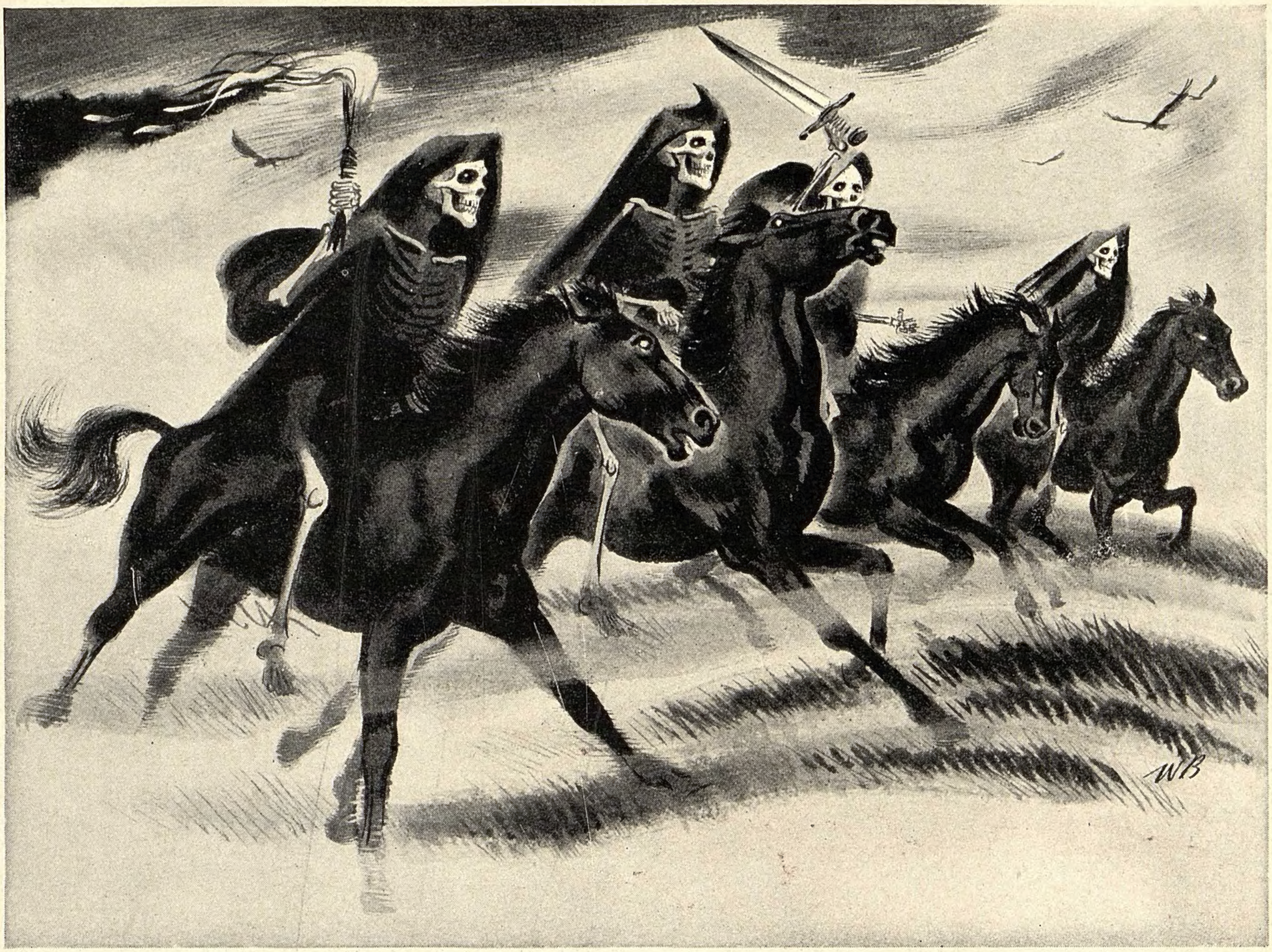
In co-operation with the Office of War Information, it produces and distributes the so-called Victory Films on a nonprofit basis. These pictures carry vital information on the war effort to the people.

It produces training films for the fighting services, others which promote inter-American understanding, and it also is engaged in activities which involve matters of military secrecy. The bond-selling drives of the industry get the headlines, but its other vital contributions to the war effort go unheard of and unsung.

The production of airplanes, guns, and ships is vital to winning this war, but not much more so than the production of motion pictures. We must have the weapons, of course, but we must also have the will to use them and the steadfast fortitude to sustain us when we must take the losses and make the sacrifices which crushing the enemy demands.

Yes! There are many less essential activities, even in Washington itself, than the motion-picture industry.

Paul Hunter



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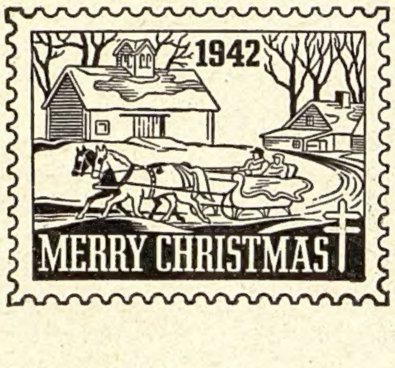

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